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ORDERED IN THE YEAR OF NELSON'S BIRTH AND AFLOAT FOR 160 YEARS: THE "VICTORY" TOWED INTO THE TIDAL BASIN AT PORTSMOUTH TO BE DRY-DOCKED AND EXAMINED WITH A VIEW TO RESTORATION.

On December 16 the old "Victory" was towed into the Tidal Basin at Portsmouth to be docked, and her place as saluting ship was taken by the "Conqueror," though the "Victory" continues to fly the flag of the Port Admiral, as she has for the last twenty years or so. Her future is at present unsettled, but there is a strong feeling that she should be restored and refloated rather than permanently docked or embedded in concrete. Mr. Gerard Fiennes, the naval writer, recalls that her last sea-going commission was about eight years after Trafalgar, as flag-ship to his great-grandfather, Admiral Sir Joseph Yorke.

She was ordered in 1758, the year of Nelson's birth, and cost £67,000. She took part in various actions before St. Vincent and Trafalgar. Mr. Fiennes suggests she might be refloated with a coffer-dam below to buoy her up. At present she is painted in the style of the Navy of about 1840. Mr. W. L. Wyllie, the marine painter, proposes that she should be repainted as in Nelson's day, the hull brownish yellow with a wide black streak, and the poop bright red or blue. British ships then had white masts (the French being black), and inside were coloured blood-red, to minimise the depressing effect of casualties.

FROM THE DRAWING BY FRANK H. MASON. COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE old phrase that Christmas is coming is specially appropriate in a time when this is almost the only respect in which we know what is coming next. It may in a larger sense be true that Christmas is coming; in the sense that Christmas is coming back. Christmas belongs to an order of ideas which never really perished, and is now less likely to perish than ever. It had from the first a sort of glamour of a lost cause; it was like an everlasting sunset. It is only the things that never die that get the reputation of dying. They live so long that their living seems to be lingering. We all remember these notions in the nonsensical materialism of our youth; as, for instance, the notion that France must soon be dead because she was the first nation to feel alive; or the notion that the Celts are a stock permanently occupied in perishing; a race that has only taken three or four thousand years to decay off the face of the earth, and is still decaying all over the place with undiminished spirit and pertinacity.

Hence we may always say of these dying things, in the hackneyed words of Charles the Second, that they are an unconscionable long time dying. Those who repeat this anecdote generally think it necessary to refer to him as the Merry Monarch; and certainly the application is true in the case of all merriment. For that matter, I am far from sure that it is not also true of all monarchy. It is a much meaner and narrower example than the other, but I am far from sure that the recent clearance of crowns means the real decline of monarchy. We have seen the end of the Kings; but we have only seen the beginning of the Republics. They have before them the real problem of the oligarchic corruption of modern Parliaments; and they may yet have to be despotic in order to be democratic. But this is a much smaller and more doubtful matter, only serving as a passing example of the same truth about threatened men and creaking doors. The case of Christmas does not depend only on this sort of lingering indestructible life. The feast, and the philosophy it stands for, have not only lived on into a modern scientific age; they have lived on into an age much more favourable to their life. The Merry Monarch, old or new, may be only an unconscionable time dying. But the Merry Christmas is not slowly dying, but slowly reviving; and may stand up as one risen from the dead.

We are constantly reminded, especially by those stunted sceptics who seem never to get beyond one step in thought, that many of the popular customs of Christmas are pagan things. In one sense it is true, though in the sense they mean it is untrue. Most of us were pagans before we were christened; but that does not necessarily make us pagans now. And this is quite as true of an institution as of an individual. But that is not the point that concerns me here; but one much more clear and much less controversial. What these people do not see is this rather interesting fact: that if these things are pagan, they are things that have survived paganism. It is not unlikely that they will survive modernism. It is quite conceivable that they will survive industrialism or capitalism or that Socialism which is the child of capitalism. But it does not occur to these sceptics to consider the further force of their own argument. If these traditions were so tough that they survived so tremendous an upheaval as the change of the whole religion

of Europe, the downfall of the universal Empire and the rise of the universal Church, it seems not impossible that they may survive a few electric fittings and a few fumbling and inefficient Education Acts. If these old human carnivals were strong enough to make a compromise with the flaming missionary of the first days of the Church, ready to be rent in pieces or roasted alive rather than deny a detail of the creed, it seems possible that the same human instinct might be strong enough to cope with the poor badgered and bewildered modern elementary schoolmaster, with no creed and ten contradictory codes, told to read the Bible without reference to religion, and to teach children in school to obey their parents while fining the parents for wanting them at home. This moral philosophy does not seem to me so much superior,

striking himself. He does not lock people out, because he would be locking himself out. His love of the land is a sentiment, but a sentiment almost as solid as the land itself. It is the meaning of the defeat of Bolshevism by the Russian peasants; a fact far too little appreciated, as enormous as an earthquake. If we had only had the foresight to deal with it, it was the real meaning of Sinn Fein.

Now these peasants are the original *pagani*, the people who had the pagan feasts and willingly turned them into Christian feasts. And nearly all the oldest Christmas ceremonies have this obvious quality of country ceremonies. The Yule log obviously belongs to a world of wood fires; and is out of place in a world of gas fires, and still more in a world of asbestos stoves. He who should joyously drag a Yule log into the central heating of an American hotel would (though the image may seem inconsistent) have a cool reception. The ceremony of bringing in the Yule Hot Water Pipe, though quaint, elaborate and impressive, has not yet been invented. The bringing in of the boar's head was a climax and a triumph, because it dated from days when the wild boar was worth hunting, when he loomed large and destructive in the woods of home; when a man could, so to speak, hunt big game in his own back garden. Bringing in the head of the boar in a Christmas feast was like bringing in the head of a dragon in a romance, or the head of an ogre in a fairy-tale. It was not only a triumph, but a triumph of justice, and even of poetical justice. A hundred other details could be mentioned, to show that the social setting of such things was that of a simple agricultural life.

Now this was what people really meant, a little while ago, when they said that things like Christmas were bound to die out. They meant that the peasant tradition was dying, and these traditions would die with it. Even on their own premises they were wrong. For Christmas is much more Christian than pagan, and contains moral elements that do not depend on rural surroundings or any surroundings. But as a matter of fact, the peasant condition is not dying. It would be much more plausible to say that the industrial cities are dying. Even from a sceptical standpoint it is not unlikely that the tradition of Bethlehem will outlast the tradition of Birmingham. Prosperity may follow in what once looked like the old ruts of poverty; and where the shepherds have so long watched their flocks, the king may come bearing gifts of gold. For we must remember,

touching the religion of resurrected groups like the peasants, what is true of the patriotism of reconstructed nations like the Poles. When they have hoped through the darkness, it is very unlikely that they will despair in the dawn. If there was always money for Yule fires or Christmas candles while peasantries were growing poorer, they will not be any harder to revive when the peasantries are growing richer. In the present prospects of Europe, it is not unlikely that they will be the only people who will be growing richer. Peasant arts may be revived by peasants and not by aesthetes. Peasant religion may be studied as faith and not as folk-lore. But anyhow, a turn of history has falsified the calculations which said that the Christmas tree must wither, because it was in the atmosphere of an American hotel. It is not impossible that we may see the house in ruins and the tree in bloom.



COMMANDER IN MESOPOTAMIA DURING THE FIRST ADVANCE TO BAGHDAD:
THE LATE GENERAL SIR JOHN NIXON.

General Sir John Nixon, who died at St. Raphael, aged 64, on December 15, took command of the Mesopotamia Expedition in April 1915. During the nine months he held it the first advance to Baghdad was made, Kut was taken, the Battle of Ctesiphon fought, and General Townshend was besieged in Kut. On January 10, 1916, it was announced that "Sir John Nixon was compelled by ill-health to return home." He was criticised for attempting too much with inadequate forces, against General Townshend's advice. The Army Council stated, however, that they considered his explanation satisfactory. General Nixon had seen much active service previously, including the Afghan War of 1879-80, and the South African War.—[Photograph by Vandyk.]

either in logic or in ardour, to the Christian system, that the schoolmaster should be strong enough to destroy what the priest was wise enough to spare. The modern world is not so united, as compared with the mediæval world, that it will really in the long run be able forcibly to make uniform what the mediæval world wisely left various. It is much more likely that the map of Europe will become much more various. That is, it will become more various in the sense of more patchy; and its patchy character will be largely given to it by the autonomous and autochthonous peasantries. Few people realise how strong is the position of the peasant in Europe, after the recent turn of European events. He can stand apart both from financial panics and industrial quarrels. He does not go bankrupt because of the fate of some swindling millionaire in Frankfurt or New York. He does not strike, because he would be

PRINCESS MARY'S VISIT TO HAREWOOD; AND OTHER OCCASIONS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL PRESS; TOPICAL; WALTER BARNETT, DIEPPE; FARRINGTON PHOTO CO., L.B. AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



ENGRAVED WITH 2833 NAMES: THE MIDLAND RAILWAY'S WAR MEMORIAL UNVEILED AT DERBY.



THE LABOUR VICTORY AT SOUTHWARK: MR. T. E. NAYLOR, M.P.



A FAMOUS FRENCH COMPOSER DEAD: THE LATE M. SAINT-SAËNS.



UNVEILING THE WAR MEMORIAL AT KETTERING, WHERE HE COMMANDED THE SCOTTISH HORSE: THE DUKE OF ATHOLL.



PRINCESS MARY AND HER FIANCÉ IN HAPPY MOOD: THE QUEEN, LORD LASCELLES, AND THE PRINCESS IN THEIR CAR AT LEEDS DRIVING TO THE CENTRAL STATION.



IN AN OPEN CAR, TO GIVE THE PEOPLE A BETTER VIEW: THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARY (WITH LORD LASCELLES) ARRIVING AT LEEDS CENTRAL STATION.



A SOLDIER WHO SAVED VISCOUNT LASCELLES: EX-PRIVATE R. BENSTEAD (RIGHT).



OUT FOR A WALK IN HAREWOOD, WHERE THEY WERE HEARTILY WELCOMED: PRINCESS MARY AND LORD LASCELLES.



STRUCK OFF THE PRIVY COUNCIL: SIR EDGAR SPEYER; WITH LADY SPEYER.

The Midland Railway Company's War Memorial, designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens, was unveiled at Derby on December 15, by Mr. Charles Booth, the Chairman, and dedicated by the Bishop of Southwell. It bears 2883 names of men who fell. In all, 22,941 employees served, and over 7000 were wounded or invalided.—Mr. T. E. Naylor (Labour) headed the poll in the Southwark bye-election with a large majority.—M. Saint-Saëns, who became famous with his opera "Samson et Dalila" in 1877, was born in Paris in 1835. He died suddenly at Algiers on December 16.—The Duke of Atholl commanded the Scottish Horse when quartered near Kettering before going to the front. He served in Gallipoli and Egypt.—The Queen and Princess Mary spent a few

days recently at Harewood, near Leeds, with the Earl and Countess of Harewood, the parents of Lord Lascelles. They were enthusiastically received at Leeds both on their arrival and departure. Lord Lascelles inspected some ex-Service men, and was greeted by ex-Private R. Benstead, Grenadier Guards, who had brought him in when wounded near Ypres in 1915. Private Benstead was congratulated by the Queen and Princess Mary. He is seen in the photograph with Sergeant McNess, V.C.—It was announced in the "London Gazette" on December 13 that Sir Edgar Speyer's certificate of naturalisation had been revoked and that his name had been struck out of the list of the Privy Council. It was further directed that Lady Speyer should cease to be a British subject.

24-HOUR-DAY LAWN-TENNIS ON AN OPEN-AIR COURT: A NEW SYSTEM OF LIGHTING.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL

ARTIST, W. R. S. STOTT.



LAWN-TENNIS BY NIGHT ON A LIGHT, SHADOWLESS COURT WITH "BLACK

VELVET" SKY BACKGROUND: PLAY UNDER THE NEW CONDITIONS, AT RICHMOND.

The possibility of playing lawn-tennis at night opens up fresh opportunities for exercise which will be very welcome to busy people who, during the winter months, have hitherto been restricted to week-ends, when clubs and courts are inconveniently crowded. Our drawing illustrates a nocturnal open-air court lit by a new method, introduced by Mr. Stuart Nuthall in the grounds of his hotel at Richmond. Many well-known players have been there to inspect and test it. Describing the system of lighting in a recent issue of the "Observer" Mr. A. E. Crawley writes: "It is the invention of a clever person who has a thorough knowledge of optics. Its method is diametrically opposed to those previously tried. The court is evenly illuminated with a soft, white light. Shadows are absent. A dirty ball, curiously enough, looks snow-white. I was able to see the ball as perfectly as in daylight in any part of the court.

VELVET" SKY BACKGROUND: PLAY UNDER THE NEW CONDITIONS, AT RICHMOND.

Everything was fully visible, including the floor. The sky and the outer rectangle framed by the stop-netting was black. Now, this circumambient velvet was very pleasant, and not only assisted visibility, but gave the feeling of playing in a covered court. In a way the conditions are better than in daylight. No two sides of a court, when the sun is out, are equal as regards light. Here, both the sides are equal. The price is reasonable, and includes 50 ft. of main cable. The cost of current for three courts side by side is only 1s. 9d. an hour. When electric current is not available, the same inventor has a 'vapour light.' The whole business, in my opinion, is epoch-making." The first club which has decided to instal four courts is Richmond. It should be pointed out that clubs using the invention will treble or quadruple their court fees.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE STORM IN DAIL EIREANN OVER THE IRISH TREATY:

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A.



PHOTOGRAPHED WHILE THE DAIL HAD ADJOURNED FOR LUNCH AFTER THE FIRST STORMY DEBATE: THE COUNCIL CHAMBER IN UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.



GUARDING THE STAIRS LEADING TO THE COUNCIL CHAMBER DURING THE DEBATE: TWO SINN FEIN POLICEMEN.

LEADING "T.D.'S" AND ENTHUSIASTIC CROWDS IN DUBLIN.

C.N. AND TOPICAL.



WITH AN ENTHUSIASTIC CROWD AWAITING ARRIVALS: THE ENTRANCE TO UNIVERSITY COLLEGE GUARDED BY POLICE.



WHERE DAIL EIREANN MET TO DISCUSS THE RATIFICATION OF THE IRISH TREATY: UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN, THE FRONT OF THE NEW BUILDING.



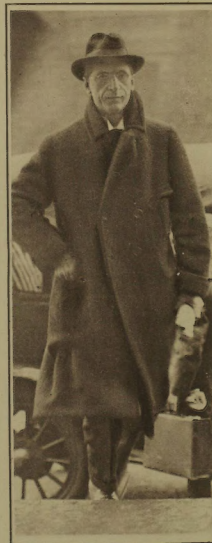
A WOMAN MEMBER OF THE DAIL: MRS. PEARCE, T.D., ARRIVING.



MOVER OF THE PRO-TREATY RESOLUTION: MR. ARTHUR GRIFFITH, T.D.



A STRONG CHAMPION OF THE TREATY: MR. MICHAEL COLLINS, T.D., ARRIVING.



THE CHIEF OPPONENT OF THE TREATY: "PRESIDENT" EAMON DE VALERA ARRIVING.



THE VOICE OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH IN IRELAND: CARDINAL LOGUE.



SPEAKER OF DAIL EIREANN: PROFESSOR JOHN MACNEILL.



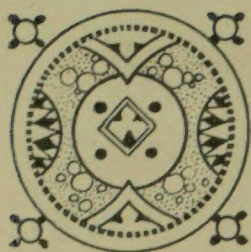
AN OPPONENT OF THE TREATY: COUNTS MARKIEWICZ, WITH MR. MCGUINNESS.



ONE OF MR. DE VALERA'S CHIEF SUPPORTERS: MR. AUSTIN STACK, T.D.

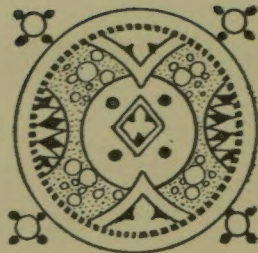
Dail Eireann, the Sinn Fein Parliament, assembled in Dublin on December 14 to consider a motion for the ratification of the Irish Treaty. The place of meeting was the Council Chamber of University College. Large crowds collected outside and cheered enthusiastically as the principal Members of the Dail arrived. The first meeting, which was held in public, was a stormy one, and there were some heated words between Mr. de Valera and Mr. Michael Collins. On the next and following days the debate was continued in private, and it was not until Monday, December 19, that a public session began again for the

final decision. Mr. Arthur Griffith moved that "Dail Eireann approves of the Treaty between Great Britain and Ireland signed in London on December 6, 1921," and declared: "By the Treaty I am going to stand, and every man with a scrap of honour is going to stand by it." Mr. De Valera denounced it, and there was a dispute over a document containing his alternative scheme which he wished to withhold. The voting strength of the Dail was estimated at about 117 members. They are known as "T.D.'s," the initials "T.D." standing for "Teachta Dail," equivalent to "Member of Parliament."



CURIOUS CHRISTMASES.

By ROSITA FORBES.



TO my mind, Christmas is associated less with snow and frost and ice than with blazing sun and sand. My turkey, if he has existed, has come out of a tin, and my mistletoe has had to be translated by a piece of grey sage brush. However, Christmas in the desert may still be an epoch-making day, and for two consecutive years it was, for me, a day of disasters. On Dec. 23, 1920, my Kufara expedition triumphantly reached the well of Buttafal. Jalo, with the difficulties of food and fodder supply, had been left in a raging sandstorm the previous day. Now we camped on the edge of the great Libyan plateau, and three hundred miles to the south of us lay the secret oases we were in search of. "An omen of good luck," I said; "we shall start our real journey on Christmas Day."

My Egyptian friend looked round nervously. "Do remember you are a Mohamedan," he whispered, "and don't say things like that."

"Well, we'll have to indulge in a festal dinner to-night," I insisted, "because to-morrow we shall have no time for food."

I thought of the waterless week ahead, during which we should have to average twelve hours' march a day; and we went to look at our meagre stores. They contained nothing resembling a plum-pudding, and the feast resolved itself into a hot stew of rice and the contents of various exceedingly different tins all poured into the same frying-pan. But our coffee made up for a lot. We boiled relays of it, and then we slept through a clear white stillness that only Africa can produce.

Long before dawn on Christmas Day we were up and out of our tents, ready to hasten the momentous start.

There was no bustle in the camp. A still and mournful group stood round a strangely distorted camel which lay on its back and gazed rigidly at the starlit skies. All around were scattered the other baggage beasts, and they looked like wooden animals out of a Noah's Ark, so hunched up and out of shape were they. I thought of the plagues of Egypt and the machinations of our enemies before I realised that this was merely the result of too much Christmas dinner! The previous day the camels had been fed on dates for the first time, and the largest and strongest had eaten far more than their share. Consequently, there would be no triumphant start for Kufara that day.

It was a most depressing Christmas. It didn't seem worth while putting up the tents again, so we piled the baggage in circles to form a shelter

route. We must go back to Jalo and get more." I set my teeth and refused to move an inch backwards.

"We cannot leave the camel's body here," urged the thrifty Yusuf; "its hide and its flesh must be sold in the town." "This is an unlucky journey," broke in one of the black slaves, "we should have sacrificed a sheep at the well, for many of us have never been this way before."

The discussion waxed hotter, and in the midst of it the camel man started a long prayer to Sidi Idris, the Senussi Emir then on a visit to the King of Italy, to cure the dying camel. The others



"SOMEHOW CAMELS ARE FAR MORE INTIMATELY CONNECTED WITH MY CHRISTMASES THAN ROBINS": A CHRISTMAS DAY TREK.

promptly joined in, and I left them uttering impassioned invocations to the man they consider all-powerful under Allah.

"Faith like theirs must simplify life," I remarked scornfully to my Egyptian ally, and the words were hardly out of my mouth when the cause of all the trouble, whom we had left distorted and stiff behind a sandbank, walked gaily into camp.

"Did you say anything about faith?" asked a teasing voice, but I had rushed out with the rest to meet the "miracle," and was firing off my revolver as enthusiastically as Yusuf or Mohammed, to the accompaniment of the slaves' wild enthusiasm!

Undine and I, more used to deserts, followed our red-bearded guide along the edge of the lake.

"How deceptive distance is in Africa," said Undine, puzzled. "We never seem to get any closer!" And at that moment the nearest fishing-boat walked out of the mirage and resolved itself into a white-robed boy driving a flock of goats!

The next day was Christmas, but we none of us noticed it, for when we stamped violently out of our thin striped tents and ran vigorously round and round the fire trying to get warm, there wasn't a camel to be seen. A solitary figure, in hooded white burnouse, crouched over the embers.

"Breakfast, Ali!" we shouted. "Haven't you cooked the eggs?"

"Of what use are eggs?" replied a depressed voice. "Mirzouk, the camel man, is angry."

He says you went too fast and too far yesterday. He says his camels are not fit for the journey. Perhaps he has gone back to El Oued."

Three gasps came in three different keys! Then we all rushed to the nearest rising ground. We could detect no living thing in the wide expanse of rough sand and low scrub.

"It's fifty miles to the nearest village, and we've very little water," said Undine in a small voice.

"Nonsense! These things don't happen in the French Sahara. This is as civilised as Regent Street," said I firmly.

"You might call up a taxi, then!" suggested someone.

"I shall devote myself to breakfast first," I replied scornfully, and shook Ali into vigorous action. I think the sun was in a lazy mood that morning, for he wouldn't appear above the horizon and disperse the frost which had solidified our sponges, covered all the plates with white rime, and made the baggage sacks hard and unbendable. We had dressed at the double, and we ate our breakfasts running up and down with one eye on the reddening East and one wandering anxiously in search of camels. Ali stood on the top of a sandbank, a still white figure silhouetted against the sky, but his keen grey eyes could detect no movement in the grey-brown desert. When he rejoined us at the fire he had a new panic.

"Perhaps this Mirzouk is a bad man!" he said. "There are sometimes robbers on this road. Perhaps Mirzouk is their friend, and he leaves us here helpless for them to destroy."



"WE LEAVE TAIHET, DECEMBER 22": ROSITA FORBES ON A CHRISTMAS EXPEDITION IN AFRICA.



WHERE THE CAVALRYMAN'S BEER WAS PLACED ON A BAGGAGE CAMEL: TOUGURT, IN THE FRENCH SAHARA, IN DECEMBER.

from the wind, and went on drinking sweet coffee—our one treat in the desert.

The Bedouins having exhausted their medical skill, which consisted of the most brutal imaginable remedies connected with knives and hot irons, we were called upon to try ours. We poured most of the contents of our medicine-chest pell-mell down the camel's throat and sat around in a sad circle to watch the result. After a few hours we decided it was too painful, and we retired to the camp, where Yusuf was cleaning his rifle. "My heart is too soft to stay with the camel," he said, to excuse his indifference, and then began the most furious argument of our troubled journey.

"We have wasted a day here," said Mohammed. "There will not be enough fodder for the Kufara

Somehow camels are far more intimately connected with my Christmases than robins. In 1919 I was wandering slowly across the French Sahara with Undine, the golden-haired companion of many far Eastern journeys, and a young Hussar who liked his creature comforts in the desert. There had already been several arguments as to the temperature of his shaving water and the quality of his beer, which had jolted all the way from Tougurt on a particularly angular baggage camel.

A realistic mirage had very nearly broken up the party, because we had all thought it was a lake and differed violently as to the shortest way round it. The cavalryman drove his black camel up a ridge away from the shimmering blue water, palm-bordered and dotted with fishing-boats, but

"Regent Street!" said the cavalryman scornfully, and went in search of his revolvers.

"Of course, all this is nonsense," I protested feebly. "The old scoundrel has merely driven off his camels to some good grass he knows of, and he is being late just to punish us for hustling his animals yesterday."

We got interested in shooting at bottles, and only when we'd broken the last, did we notice the string of camels silently bearing down on us. "Here are our taxis," I said, but got no answer, and then remembered the date.

"Merry Christmas!" I shouted, as we swung across the uneven dune country.

"Don't talk to me!" exclaimed the Hussar, clinging to the apex of the roughly piled baggage. "Can't you see I'm too busy riding!"

(To be continued in our next issue.)

THE SPECTRE AT THE IRISH FEAST: ULSTER'S "IRRECONCILABLE."

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



"THAT DOCUMENT (CONTAINS) BUT ONE PROVISION . . . THAT GREAT BRITAIN SHOULD SCUTTLE OUT OF IRELAND":
LORD CARSON (RIGHT) DENOUNCING THE IRISH TREATY IN HIS FIRST SPEECH IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

Lord Carson bitterly denounced the Irish Treaty during the debate in the House of Lords after the King had opened Parliament on December 14. "I protest," he said, "against the doctrine that you should go further and give more, not because Ireland needs it, not because it is fair to the United Kingdom, but because crime had been more successful. . . . Give it because it is right, give it because it is just, give it because it is good for Ireland and for the United

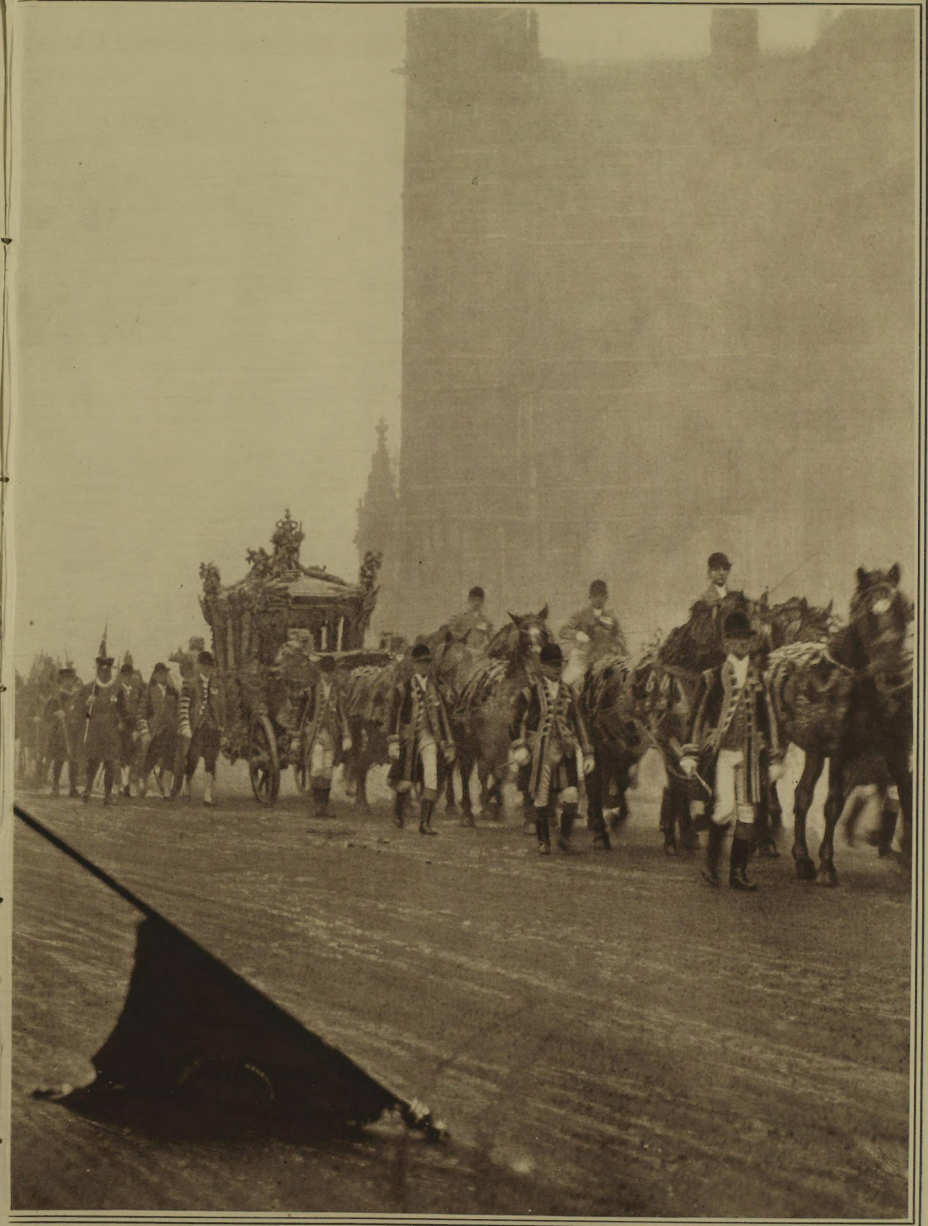
Kingdom, give it because it brings peace and goodwill, but do not give it because you are bullied by assassins. And that is what you did. We have heard a good deal about delivering the goods. . . . I know of no goods which have been delivered . . . except five or six hundred bleeding corpses. . . . I defy anybody to show me anything in that document but one provision, and that is that Great Britain should scuttle out of Ireland."—[Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



HIS MAJESTY DRIVING IN STATE TO OPEN PARLIAMENT FOR THE APPROVAL OF THE

The King, accompanied by the Queen and Princess Mary, opened Parliament in State on December 14, for the special session to which it had been summoned with a view to the ratification of the Irish Treaty. Their Majesties rode in an old State Coach drawn by eight black horses, preceded by five other State carriages. The route from Buckingham Palace to the Houses of Parliament was lined by the Brigade of Guards. The King's Speech was as follows: "My Lords and Members of the House of Commons, I have summoned you to meet at this unusual time in order that the Articles of Agreement which have been signed by My Ministers and the Irish Delegation may be at once submitted for your approval. No other business will be brought before

PHOTOGRAPH



IRISH TREATY: GRENADIER GUARDS DIPPING THE COLOURS AS THE ROYAL COACH PASSED.

you in the present Session. It was with heartfelt joy that I learnt of the Agreement reached after negotiations protracted for many months and affecting the welfare not only of Ireland but of the British and Irish races throughout the world. It is my earnest hope that by the Articles of Agreement now submitted to you the strife of centuries may be ended, and that Ireland, as a free partner in the Commonwealth of Nations forming the British Empire, will secure the fulfilment of her national ideals. I pray that the blessing of Almighty God may rest upon your labours." Our photograph shows the King's Company of the 1st Battalion, Grenadier Guards, dipping the Colours as the royal coach passed on its approach to Westminster.

BY G.P.U.

“DEBATABLE LAND” IN TYRONE AND FERMANAGH: PLACES

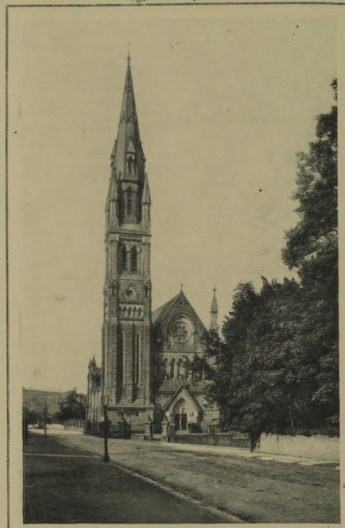
PHOTOGRAPHS

AFFECTED BY THE PROPOSED ULSTER BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

BY VALENTINE.



A PICTURESQUE RUIN IN FERMANAGH, ONE OF THE DISPUTED COUNTIES: PORTORA CASTLE, NEAR ENNISKILLEN.



IN A TOWN OF TYRONE: ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH AT DUNGANNON, ONCE THE HOME OF ULSTER KINGS.



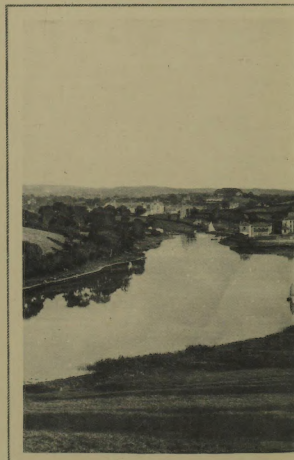
WITH A SPIRE NEARLY 100 FT. HIGH: THE FINE NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL AT OMAGH.



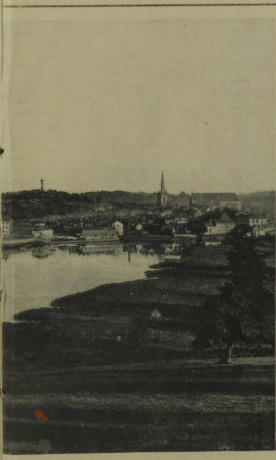
WHERE A PROMINENT SINN FEIMER WAS RECENTLY ARRESTED: OMAGH—THE TOWN HALL (BACKGROUND) AND POST OFFICE IN BRIDGE STREET.



ALMOST ENCLOSED BY THE RAMBLING CHANNELS CONNECTING UPPER AND LOWER LOUGH ERNE: ENNISKILLEN (“ISLAND OF KETHLEEN”).



THE WATER-GIRT COUNTY TOWN OF AGES A STRONGHOLD



FERMANAGH: ENNISKILLEN, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE MAGUIRES.



THE COUNTY TOWN OF TYRONE: A GENERAL VIEW OF OMAGH FROM THE NORTH, SHOWING THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL.

The Parliament of Northern Ireland passed a Bill on December 6 giving emergency powers to the Home Minister to dissolve local bodies refusing to recognise its authority. The Tyrone County Council had sent an intimation to that effect. On the same day, Mr. Vincent P. Shields, a solicitor and Sinn Féin *harrist* officer for County Tyrone, was arrested at Omagh on a charge of conspiracy. The Irish Treaty (signed on December 6) contains a clause regarding the disputed territories. It provides that, under certain conditions, “a Commission consisting of three persons, one to be appointed by the Government of the Irish Free State, one to be appointed by the Government of Northern Ireland, and one, who shall be Chairman, to be appointed by the British Government.

shall determine in accordance with the wishes of the inhabitants, so far as may be compatible with economic and geographic conditions, the boundaries between Northern Ireland and the rest of Ireland, and for the purposes of the Government of Ireland Act, 1920, and of this instrument, the boundary of Northern Ireland shall be such as may be determined by such Commission.” On December 15, the Fermanagh County Council at Enniskillen decided not to recognise the Northern Parliament at Belfast, and pledged allegiance to Dail Eireann. Shortly after the meeting police entered the County Council chamber and took possession also of the other Council offices, with all books and documents.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

THE rude mechanical of journalism, who must, whatever his mood, grind out a weekly page, is expected above all things to be "topical," and if possible "seasonable." In this place the topical is determined by the accidents of publishing, and may not be neglected, but the "seasonable" demand is less rigid. The hack may without great reproach omit reference to Easter or the August Bank Holiday, but Christmas is quite another thing. It is a genial tyranny, to which even the weightiest of critical weekly journals yields with a smile and descends from the severely intellectual to the nearest admissible approach to prattle about the books that grow on the Christmas-tree. There is no evading the task: the only trouble is how to perform it. One unailing formula, to be sure, lies ready to hand—it was fixed for all time one Christmas Eve round the fireside of Watts's Charity at Rochester—and ten to one I would for pure laziness have adopted it here had it not been that the pages in waiting suggested something less orthodox.

For here are two new books that call up others not so new. Among these "A Christmas Garland" (dated 1912) contains an essay entitled "Some Damnable Errors About Christmas," which you may be relieved to remember (at this time of peace and good-will) is really a cunning forgery. It bears the starry signature, G. K. Ch*st*rt*n, but you do not need to be told that the actual author was another eminent censor of manners. And so we grow to a point and come to the newer books by and about Mr. Max Beerbohm.

One, "A SURVEY" (Heinemann; 25s.) contains fifty-one cartoons selected by the artist from the series shown not long ago at the Leicester Galleries. It is eight years since the last collection was published, but age cannot wither, etc., the infinite variety of Max. An interval only means for him a stronger emergence, although Mr. Bohun Lynch, who has tried to show us "MAX BEERBOHM IN PERSPECTIVE" (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.), might except "Zuleika Dobson," a story dropped for twelve or thirteen years and yet gallantly finished. Mr. Lynch admits this as evidence of "the persistency with which Max had remained his old self": at the same time he finds that it is only his old self's shadow in which the pages of "Zuleika" lurk. His regretful tone implies that he puts perhaps too high a value on Max's earlier phase. Delightful as that was, and is, it would hardly have kept him alive beyond the memory of the "Nineties," with their separate note of whimsicality. But that whimsicality, losing nothing of its charm, has since then found its paradoxical account in criticism that, although always "Max," carries a serious threat of permanence. His portrait of Swinburne, in the essay "No. 2, The Pines" ("And Even Now," 1920) runs grave risk of a place in literary history with the intimate sketch of Coleridge in Carlyle's "Life of John Sterling." And, as in all Mr. Beerbohm's work fun has to be poked at somebody, here Max, with Maximal tact, pokes it at Max himself—Max for once stumped by knowledge superior to his own. For Swinburne, you remember, took him into confidence on the less familiar dramatists, and "The Country Wench" proved Mr. Beerbohm's undoing.

Yet with all his progress the earlier Max is still very much alive. The talent for impolite letters that he discovered unawares in himself

when he wrote "How Shall I Word It?" has been exercised once more in spite of good resolutions to the contrary. "Never again," Max vowed in 1910, "will I tap these deep dark reservoirs in a character that had seemed to me, on the whole, so amiable." But Mr. Bohun Lynch, in his character of perspective glass to Max, who is himself a glass of fashion and a mould of form, literary and otherwise, rashly wrote to Mr. Beerbohm asking for the loan of some material. To which he received in reply—but stop! no account of that letter is tolerable short of the text itself. Don't ask for quotations, but get the book and complete

a South Sea island of which he is already the landlord; there, a lightly-girt lotus-eater, to pass his days in peace. But not yet awhile, his admirers will be glad to learn; for he still means to launch many more dream ships of fiction before he sits down in Polynesia to wait for the end. Somehow or other—for everything here passes like a dream—he sold his ship before he knew what he was about, and came to "dream's end." That was not the only little misadventure connected with this book, although you will not find it recorded there. The title, conceived in the first moment of the idea, was to have been simply "The Dream Ship," but the publisher discovered that it had been forestalled, hence its present form.

Among Island Nights Entertainments that clamour to be bought, given away, and kept, must be included, at the risk of repetition, the record of another cruise, that of the *Blue Boat*, which M. Jean de Bosschère built with pen and pencil for his voyage to "WEIRD ISLANDS" (Chapman and Hall; 12s. 6d.), a story that no Christmas gathering of little people (or big) can afford to miss. Since Edward Lear's Jumbies "went to sea in a sieve," there has been nothing so pleasing in this kind of argosy, ship's company or cargo, and M. de Bosschère has the advantage of many modern contrivances for which the Jumbies were born too soon.

From South Seas or the seas and isles of pure fantasy it is not too long a stride to W. S. Gilbert, who discovered the Island of Canoodledum and its non-prohibitionist monarch. A posthumous work by Gilbert, "THE STORY OF THE MIKADO" (O'Connor; 6s.), is one of the pleasant surprises of the season, and it tempts one to hope that others of the same kind may not be too wild a dream. This may not be so impossible as it seems, for it is known that before Gilbert began the libretto of any opera he first wrote the whole story in narrative form. If these early highly-finished drafts exist, they would no doubt make as charming books as the Mikado volume, which was suggested to Sir William by Mr. O'Connor in pre-war days. He wrote the story-book in response to that suggestion. It would be interesting to know how far it represents and embodies, if at all, the first full scenario of the opera.

BOOKS YOU SHOULD READ.

THE THIRTY-FOURTH DIVISION, 1915-1919: THE STORY OF ITS CAREER FROM RIFON TO THE RHINE. By Lieutenant-Colonel J. Shakespear, C.M.G., C.I.E., D.S.O. (Witherby. 12s. 6d. net.)

Of interest to all officers and men who fought under the divisional sign of the Chequers.

LABOUR: THE GIANT WITH THE FEET OF CLAY. By Shaw Desmond. (Collins. 10s. 6d. net.)

A critical and sympathetic analysis of the Labour Party for fourteen years, with many vivid and revealing portraits of great Labour figures, from Keir Hardie to Rosa Luxemburg.

THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS. By Mrs. Evan Nepean. (Bale. 8s. 6d. net.)

East Essex on the Suffolk border is the county chosen by Mrs. Evan Nepean for the locality of her novel. It deals with old furniture, customs, dress, sport, literature, and many other things.

ON THE EDGE OF THE WILDERNESS. By Walter Pritchard Eaton. (Cape. 6s.)

Mr. Eaton tells of the moose, the otter, the fox, the 'coon, and other inhabitants of the great forests of Canada and North-West America.

THE BRIDGE ACROSS. By L. Allen Harker. (Murray. 7s. 6d. net.)

The story of a young girl, brought up quietly in the country by her father, who has a grudge against her for not having been a boy. The book is full of quiet humour and sympathetic touches.



PAINTED FOR THE ALL-INDIA QUEEN VICTORIA MEMORIAL HALL AT CALCUTTA: "THE PROROGATION OF PARLIAMENT, JULY 17, 1837," ONE OF MR. FRANK O. SALISBURY'S FRESCOES. Mr. Frank O. Salisbury has painted a series of twelve fine frescoes for the Queen Victoria Memorial at Calcutta. Five others are reproduced elsewhere in this number.—[By Courtesy of the Artist, whose Copyright is Strictly Reserved.]



FOR THE QUEEN VICTORIA MEMORIAL AT CALCUTTA, WHICH THE PRINCE OF WALES ARRANGED TO OPEN AT CHRISTMAS: "THE MARRIAGE AT THE CHAPEL ROYAL, ST. JAMES'S, FEB. 10, 1840"—A FRESCO BY FRANK O. SALISBURY.

The Prince of Wales arranged to arrive at Calcutta on Christmas Eve, and to open the Queen Victoria Memorial during his visit. The building is illustrated on a double-page in this number.

By Courtesy of the Artist, whose Copyright is Strictly Reserved.

the enjoyment of your Christmas fireside by reading this message of peace and good-will.

It is proper at this season to describe works catalogued as "gift-books," the implication being that you buy them only to give away. This is surely another damnable Christmas heresy. Buy them by all means, but keep at least a few for yourself, and in the number of the kept I would certainly include "THE CRUISE OF THE DREAM SHIP" by Ralph Stock (Heinemann; 15s.), the story of a voyage from Devon to the South Seas. The author and his two shipmates were amateur navigators when they set out to sail round the world in a Norwegian-built cutter. Mr. Stock, who is the son of the publisher, Mr. Elliot Stock, dreamed in the trenches of his dream ship, and when he was released from military service he set about earning enough money to buy her and also about learning enough seamanship to sail her.

The wide circle of readers who know Mr. Stock's South Sea stories will welcome this variation on the same theme. He has other dreams, and one of them, it is understood, is to settle one day on

"THE GREAT WHITE QUEEN" ENSHRINED AT CALCUTTA: FRESCOES.

FROM FRESCOES BY FRANK O. SALISBURY, R.B.A., R.O.I., PAINTED FOR THE QUEEN VICTORIA MEMORIAL AT CALCUTTA. BY PERMISSION OF THE ARTIST, WHOSE COPYRIGHT IS STRICTLY RESERVED.



"THE PROCLAMATION OF HER MAJESTY AS EMPRESS OF INDIA, JAN. 1, 1877": A FRESCO FOR THE QUEEN VICTORIA MEMORIAL.



"THE APOTHEOSIS": QUEEN VICTORIA ENTHRONED AS EMPRESS OF INDIA, SUPPORTED BY JUSTICE, TRUTH, AND FREEDOM.



"EMPIRE": BRITANNIA WITH THE BRITISH LION, THE BENGAL TIGER, AND INDIAN WARRIORS, AGAINST A SYMBOLIC ARCH LINKING THE ARMS OF BRITAIN TO THE STAR OF INDIA AND INSCRIBED, "DOMINION, POWER, UNITY, LOYALTY, FREEDOM."



"THE JUBILEE": A FRESCO COMMEMORATING THE FIFTIETH YEAR (1887) OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S REIGN.



"THE DIAMOND JUBILEE": THE VENERABLE QUEEN AT THE COMMEMORATION OF THE SIXTIETH YEAR OF HER REIGN.

By the courtesy of Mr. Frank O. Salisbury, we are enabled to reproduce here some of the splendid series of twelve frescoes painted by him for the Queen Victoria Memorial Hall at Calcutta, which the Prince of Wales has arranged to open at Christmas. Two others appear on our "Books of the Day" page. The whole twelve form a complete circle round the base of the dome inside the great building, of which we give a double-page photograph in this number. Several of the frescoes are symbolic, such as those above entitled "Empire" and "The Apotheosis," and another entitled "The Lying in State." The rest represent

actual events in the life of "The Great White Queen," as she was called in India. The work involved an immense amount of research on the part of the artist, who was at great pains to secure exact detail in costume and heraldry. The King placed at Mr. Salisbury's disposal all his portraits of Queen Victoria, in painting and sculpture, to ensure accuracy of likeness. Each picture measures fifteen feet across the base. The canvases were specially treated to preserve them against white ants, and were placed in position attached to sheets of asbestos. In "The Apotheosis," the figure of Justice carries scales, and Truth a torch.

INDIA'S TRIBUTE TO "THE GREAT WHITE QUEEN": A MEMORIAL RESERVED FOR HER GREAT-GRANDSON TO INAUGURATE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CAPTAIN G. D. WALLER



FIFTEEN YEARS IN BUILDING, AND NOW THE GEM OF "THE CITY OF PALACES": THE ALL-INDIA QUEEN VICTORIA MEMORIAL HALL AT CALCUTTA, WHICH THE PRINCE OF WALES ARRANGED TO OPEN AT CHRISTMAS.

Calcutta has been called "the City of Palaces," but the magnificent white marble building known as the All-India Queen Victoria Memorial Hall, recently completed, on the Maidan, outshines them all in beauty and grandeur. Its inauguration by the Prince of Wales, who was timed to arrive in Calcutta on Christmas Eve, and remain until December 30, was the chief ceremony planned to take place during his visit. The scheme for the building was originated by Lord Curzon, when Viceroy, some twenty years ago. Its completion was delayed partly by the war, and partly by the decision to develop the Makrana quarries, in order that Indian rather than imported marble might be used throughout. The actual work has taken about fifteen years, and it was only recently

that the cranes and scaffolding were removed. The Memorial was designed by Sir William Emerson, but, owing to his illness, the building has been carried out during the past five years under the direction of Mr. Vincent Ash. The interior is to be a mirror of Indian history under British rule, and will include the fine frescoes by Mr. Frank Salisbury illustrated in this number. The foundation-stone was laid by the present King-Emperor, George V., who then spoke of his grandmother, Queen Victoria, as one who, "though never privileged to see her Indian subjects in their own countries, seemed to have the peculiar power of being in touch and sympathy with all classes." She was intensely devoted to the interests of India, which owes a great deal to "the Great White Queen."



THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

By W. J. TURNER.



THE RUSSIAN BALLET.

IN "The Sleeping Princess," we have Diaghilev's famous company returning to an older style than we have learned to associate with his name. "The Sleeping Princess" is delightful, but it is not a new ballet, so far as the music and the dancing are concerned; but the *décor* designed by M. Bakst is new, and Tchaikovsky's music is new to a London surfeited with Tchaikovsky in all his other forms.

One of the most remarkable features of M. Diaghilev's Russian Ballet has been the music. It is because M. Diaghilev has known how to draw around him such an exceptionally interesting group of painters and composers, and introduce to the public unknown men of immense talent, that his name will go down in history as one of the greatest art patrons of modern times. Until Sir Thomas Beecham and his father brought M. Diaghilev's company to Covent Garden in 1911, and to Drury Lane in 1913-14, the music of such famous Russian composers as Borodin, Moussorgsky and Rimsky-Korsakov was comparatively unknown to London.

It was in 1913-14 that Londoners first saw and heard "Thamar" and "Scheherazade," although Elakirev's symphonic poem "Thamar" was

Pergolesi's "Pulcinella,"—all these works, quite apart from their merit as ballets, have been of absorbing interest and delight to musicians, who have come to regard the Russian Ballet much as the young music-lovers of thirty years ago regarded Bayreuth.

In addition to these works of technical and archaeological interest, it is to the Russian Ballet that we owe acquaintance with the music of Manuel de Falla, one of the foremost living Spanish composers. "The Three-Cornered Hat" may not be great music, but it is interesting music, with its vivid Andalusian rhythms and its lucidity of structure. One of M. Diaghilev's most interesting ballets, from the musical point of view, is Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe." This has not been performed for some time, but it is to be hoped that it will be revived, for it contains some of Ravel's most characteristic and delightful music. When it is performed again, let me beg M. Diaghilev to restore to its proper place in the ballet the choral singing. We have not yet got used to a chorus in ballet, but it is probable that we will advance much further in that direction. It is possible for the ballet to enlarge its scope without trespassing upon the province of opera. For example, Rimsky-Korsakov's "Coq d'Or" has been performed both as an opera and a ballet, but it is much better, to my mind, as a ballet with singing and miming than as an opera. The old-fashioned semi-Wagnerian operatic form, to which such contemporary composers as Puccini, Wolf-Ferrari and Mascagni cling, may still survive, but it is a form that has lost all interest for us to-day. True opera is far more likely to flourish in the footsteps of Mozart.

Here I should like to digress, and suggest to Mr. Nigel Playfair that when the present run of "The Beggar's Opera" concludes at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, he should open a season of Mozart, getting some of our best young English artists to design new settings and costumes for "Il Seraglio," "Figaro," "The Magic Flute," and "Don Giovanni." These four operas, freshly mounted, well cast, and sung in English, would prove an amazing attraction.

But to return to M. Diaghilev, everyone will admit that he showed astonishing foresight when he commissioned Stravinsky to write the music for "The Firebird." At that time Stravinsky

was an extremely young, unknown man. "Petrushka" and "Le Sacre du Printemps" were music of the future, and it is by these two ballets more than by any others that the Diaghilev company will be remembered. It is too early yet to estimate Stravinsky's position as a composer, but in the above two ballets, and in "The Nightingale," he is undoubtedly an innovator.

Curiously enough, "The Nightingale," which was originally composed as an opera, has proved



"THE MIKADO" REVIVED AT THE PRINCE'S THEATRE: MR. HENRY LYTTON AS KOKO AND MISS BERTHA LEWIS AS KATISHA.

"The Mikado" was due at the Prince's Theatre on December 19, following "The Yeomen of the Guard," which ended on the 17th. Photograph by Stage Photo Co.

less attractive in its ballet-form. I understand that we are likely to hear Stravinsky's new ballet, "Renard," next season, with other novelties; and so one must hope that the suburbs will roll up in their thousands to "The Sleeping Princess" during the Christmas season, so that M. Diaghilev may make enough money to produce and commission further new works.

Among these works let us hope for an English ballet, with *décor* by an English artist, and music by an English composer. It ought not to be difficult to find a suitable subject, and there are to-day plenty of English artists and English composers to select from. Given the time and the opportunity, we might all see, during the next few years, ballets as far in advance of "Petrushka" as "Petrushka" was in advance of "The Sleeping Princess."



"SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER" AT THE COURT THEATRE: (L. TO R.) TONY LUMPKIN (MR. ALFRED CLARK), THE INN-KEEPER, YOUNG MARLOW (MR. JAMES DALE), AND HASTINGS (MR. GEORGE HAYES).

Tony Lumpkin is here (Act I. Scene 2) telling Hastings and Marlow to go to the old Bear's Head, really the Hardcastles house, where they behave as though at an inn.

Photograph by Benington.

more than twenty-five years old, and Rimsky-Korsakov had composed the "Scheherazade" quite as far back as 1888. If it surprises us that an amateur of painting and the fine arts generally, such as M. Diaghilev was, should have shown such sound judgment in his selection of music to adapt to his ballets that, in addition to giving us a new art of ballet, he introduced us to musical masterpieces known only to a handful of international musicians, what are we to think of his later musical achievements!

To adapt ballets such as "Scheherazade," "Sadko," "Children's Tales," "Thamar," to the music of some of the most famous of his own country's composers no doubt seems more enterprising to us, to whom their music was comparatively unknown, than to his fellow countrymen; but these composers had not then got the international reputation of such men as Tchaikovsky and Rubinstein. It is only since the war, for example, that they have begun to become widely known in Germany, and that is due to the reputation their music has made here.

But M. Diaghilev not only selected the right Russian composers, whom he might be expected to have known; he has shown the same judgment with regard to international music. Not only has he selected such modern masterpieces as Debussy's "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune"—a ballet which since the eclipse of Nijinsky has, unfortunately, been seen no more—he has dived into the past and chosen such composers as Scarlatti, Pergolesi, Cimarosa, and Rossini, and found the right men to adapt their work to the ballet form with a large modern orchestra.

Respighi's version of Cimarosa's "Le Astuzie Femminili" and Rossini's "Boutique Fantasque," Tommasini's arrangement of Scarlatti's "Good-Humoured Ladies," Stravinsky's adaptation of



THE HAPPY ENDING OF GOLDSMITH'S FAMOUS PLAY: THE LAST SCENE IN THE REVIVAL OF "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER," AT THE COURT.

The revival of "She Stoops to Conquer" at the Court Theatre, on December 12, proved the vitality of the old play. From left to right the characters are: Miss Neville (Miss Eileen Beldon), Hastings (Mr. George Hayes), Tony Lumpkin (Mr. Alfred Clark), Miss Hardcastle (Miss Ena Grossmith), Mr. Hardcastle (Mr. H. O. Nicholson), Young Marlow (Mr. James Dale), Mrs. Hardcastle (Miss Margaret Yarde), and Sir Charles Marlow (Mr. Louis O'Connor).—[Photograph by Benington.]

PIRACY ON THE HIGH THAMES!—THE 17TH CENTURY IN THE 20TH.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, CECIL KING.



MODELS WITH CREWS OF TWO OR THREE: A "JOLLY ROGER" ATTACK NEAR CANVEY ISLAND, FOR THE CINEMATOGRAPH—SAILING THE SHIPS AND FIRING "GUNS."

Our artist writes: "The use of scale models in cases where the employment of the full-sized object is out of the question was strikingly demonstrated in the Jutland film recently 'released.' In that film the models were manœuvred mechanically—that is to say, they had no one on board. On previous occasions a naval action has been simulated by means of small ships, each supported on the shoulders of a man who walked on the bottom of a tank filled with water. Recently a British film company produced a pirate film, a few feet of which represented the capture of a merchant barque by a pirate ship. In this case the two vessels were actually manœuvred by crews. They consisted of barges 'punts'—boats about fifteen feet in length. These were

built up and rigged to imitate ships of the seventeenth century. The crews were formed in each case by two to three persons, who had to crouch down on the bottom-boards in order to avoid being seen by the camera; whilst the locality—the lower Thames—enabled the ships to manœuvre in comparatively calm water and at a minimum risk of surrounding objects destroying the illusion of size or period. These experiments suggest that the use of miniature ships manœuvred in this way (or even of small models) for the cinema might be of value in the study of seamanship problems, ancient or modern. In the 'action' described, gun-fire was simulated by firing pistols through a port in the side."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

GANDHI HOLDS COUNCIL.

IMPRESSIONS OF INDIA'S NON-CO-OPERATION LEADER.

By J. WILSON, the "Madras Mail's" Artist.

IT may be of interest to people in England to be introduced, through the pencil of a sketcher, to Gandhi, the leader of the Non-Co-operation movement in India. This man, who has the power to move India's teeming millions, is not quite the wonderful individual that his disciples are inclined to picture him. I interviewed and sketched Gandhi on behalf of the editor of the *Madras Mail*. We found the "Mahatmaji," as he is called—whether he be worthy of the title or not—in the bungalow of one of his right-hand men, Ramji Kalyanji. This residence was approached by an unsavoury-looking side-street in Madras; but on entering the bungalow it proved to be a veritable palace, furnished in true Eastern fashion, without any of the gaudy trappings with which the average Indian plutocrat delights to decorate his roof-tree. The walls were high, the rooms airy, and the floors paved with huge marble blocks in place of tiles. The verandahs were full of people waiting to see Gandhi, and they at first looked on me as an unwelcome intruder, I'm afraid.

The "Swaraj Volunteer" was greatly in evidence, though he presented a very inoffensive picture, the only apparent signs of his martial calling consisting of his cap (made after the fashion of an old forage-cap) of "khaddar," the home-spun cloth of India, and a sash of sorts, coloured dark green. Of course, one would not expect these people to carry arms, as their leader is, to all outward purposes, opposed to violence. So far as can be made out, the chief duty of the "Swaraj Volunteer" consists in his being present at all public meetings and shouting "Gandhi-ki-jai!"



IN "KHADDAR" CAP AND GREEN SASH: ANOTHER TYPICAL "SWARAJ VOLUNTEER."

in praise of his idol. Another noticeable feature was the profusion of sandals of every conceivable description and shape scattered around the verandahs. Their owners evidently cast them on entering the place which houses the being whom they worship almost as a deity.

On inquiry, we found that the "Mahatmaji" was resting and had taken a vow of three hours' silence, so there was little possibility of our obtaining an interview; but an Indian friend who accompanied me took Rajagopalachariar, an influential person, aside, and after a few moments' conversation the latter went towards Gandhi's room and disappeared. He

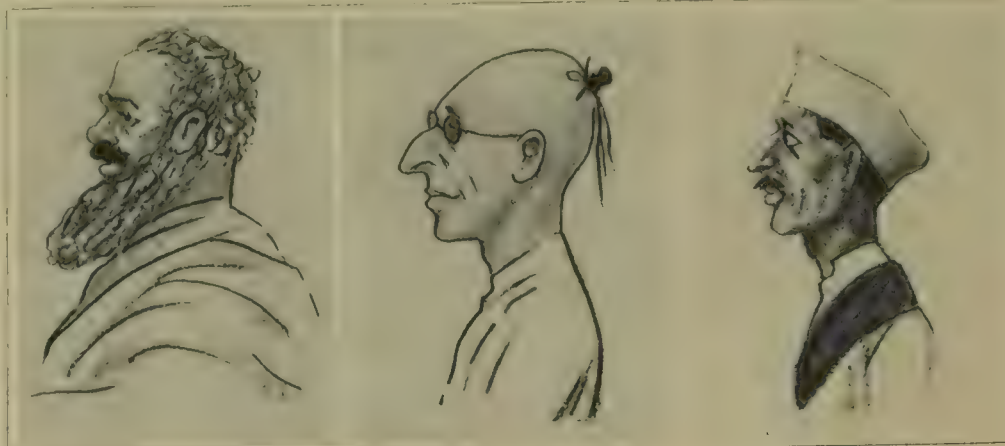
returned shortly with the news that the "Great One" would permit us to enter his room and wait until his vow had expired; and as I only wanted to make a few sketches, this suited me admirably. I forgot to mention that the vow he had taken apparently did not hinder his being

placid tone without any of the fire one expects a political leader to disburse in his speech. He consented to my making as many sketches as I chose—not without a touch of vanity, I thought. He sat very upright and continued speaking, breaking off every now and then to do a little writing. Many people came and went, asking questions, mostly apropos of his cloth campaign.

He is an interesting study. The type is rather akin to that of De Valera, the Irish leader. They both possess similar features, and, if you removed Gandhi's moustache and placed tortoiseshell-rimmed glasses on his nose, I fancy there would be a distinct resemblance to the Irishman. This and the fact that they are both revolutionary leaders makes a curious coincidence. They are both idealists, steeped in theories which do not altogether succeed in practice. Gandhi's facial characteristics are his huge ears and lack of teeth. His personality lies in his speech, which is well modulated and delivered slowly, clearly, and deliberately. His English is perfect, with very little trace of accent, and his manners are all that could be desired. He seems very good-humoured, and after meeting him one cannot imagine him preaching a doctrine of cruelty or violence.

There appears to be no subterfuge practised in his dealings with his followers. Everything is open and above-board. He was quite willing to discuss any feature of his campaign with anyone, and listened patiently to all the questions, stupid or otherwise, which were put to him by the people who sought to interview him. To an outsider with common horse-sense it would appear that he has an excuse for everything; but he has a convincing way of putting things which never fails with the type of person with whom he has to deal. Of course, no one really knows what is behind it all. What we heard may possibly have been mere "eye-wash," but I think Gandhi's followers may misconstrue him, and this effect is helped by his able assistants—the Ali Brothers*—with their thinly veiled suggestions. The man himself seems perfectly sincere, and content to muddle along towards his ideal.

* Since arrested and sentenced to two years' rigorous imprisonment.



A DISCIPLE OF GANDHI:

M. K. ACHARIAR.

ANOTHER DISCIPLE:

C. RAJAGOPALACHARIAR.

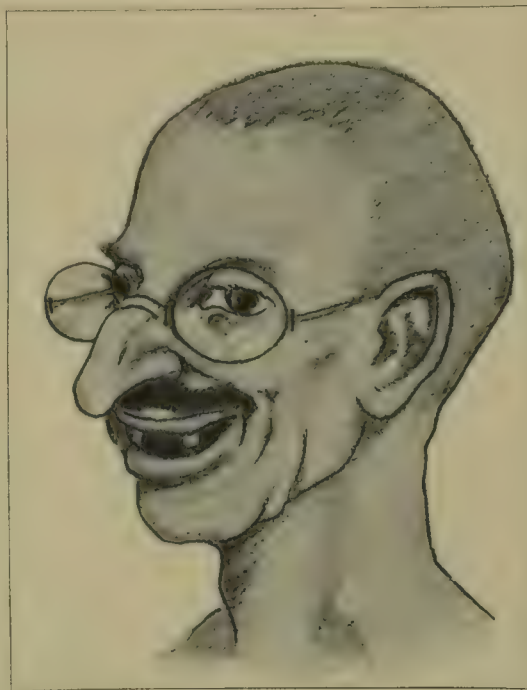
NOT VERY MARTIAL:

A "SWARAJ VOLUNTEER."

"The 'Swaraj Volunteer' was greatly in evidence. . . . An Indian friend who accompanied me took Rajagopalachariar, an influential person, aside. . . . Rajagopalachariar then ushered us into Gandhi's room."

Drawings by J. Wilson.

allowed to write, for before we entered a small slate was passed to us on which he had written: "How much will Mr. So-and-So and Mr. So-and-So pay into the Malabar Relief Fund?" This, I was



"HUGE EARS AND LACK OF TEETH": GANDHI, THE INDIAN NON-CO-OPERATION LEADER.

later led to understand, was by way of being a joke to try our earnestness of purpose. However, we left nothing to chance, and replied that we were prepared to make a small donation.

Rajagopalachariar then ushered us into Gandhi's room, where we found him squatting, tailor fashion, on a large mattress on the floor, with a few pillows and bolsters scattered around. He shook hands with us in silence, motioned us to squat on the floor, and went on with his meal—he had been eating when we went in. He was quite naked except for the ordinary rough khaddar "veshti," or loin cloth, which, on account of its extreme coarseness, must be a dreadfully uncomfortable garment to wear next to the skin. His "Gandhi" cap lay beside him, and close to hand stood a *charka*, the spinning-wheel which is emblematic of his great foreign-cloth boycott campaign. We sat there in silence—Gandhi every now and then writing little notes to us—waiting for his vow to expire.

To come to the man himself. On the expiry of his vow he at once commenced to converse with my companion, whom he knew personally, in a



PROMINENT IN THE NON-CO-OPERATION MOVEMENT IN INDIA: DR. RAJUM.

THE "DE VALERA" OF INDIA: A PROPHET OF THE SPINNING-WHEEL.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM A LIFE SKETCH BY J. WILSON, OF THE "MADRAS MAIL."



"CLOSE TO HAND STOOD A *CHARKA*, THE SPINNING-WHEEL EMBLEMATIC OF HIS FOREIGN-CLOTH BOYCOTT":
MR. GANDHI, THE INDIAN AGITATOR, AT WORK WITH HIS SECRETARY IN A BUNGALOW AT MADRAS.

The interview during which the original sketch for this drawing was made is described by Mr. J. Wilson (author of the sketch) in his article opposite. "Gandhi," he writes, "was quite naked except for the ordinary rough khaddar 'veshti,' or loin cloth. . . . His 'Gandhi' cap lay beside him, and close to hand stood a 'charka,' the spinning-wheel which is emblematic of his great foreign-cloth boycott campaign. . . . He is an interesting study. The type is rather akin to that of De Valera, the Irish leader. They both possess similar features, and, if you removed Gandhi's moustache and placed tortoise-shell rimmed glasses

on his nose, I fancy there would be a distinct resemblance to the Irishman." Among Gandhi's recent proceedings was his self-imposed "penance" for the disturbances in Bombay when the Prince of Wales arrived. Writing since in "Young India," he said: "Our work must continue with clock-work regularity. . . . We must hold the Congress (at Ahmedabad) at any cost." Gandhi preaches that, if India will forsake the counting-house and the factory for the spinning-wheel, self-rule (*swaraj*) will follow. A skilled worker at the spinning-wheel earns about 2½d. a day.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

WHERE "ROSE-LEAVES OF DECEMBER" ARE QUITE IN ORDER: CHRISTMAS IN AUSTRALIA—SURF-BATHING AND YACHTING.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY THE SPECIAL PRESS.



"NOTABLE FOR THE ENORMOUS AMOUNT OF CANVAS THEY CARRY IN PROPORTION TO THEIR SIZE": SMALL YACHTS IN SYDNEY HARBOUR



"WITH 'LIVE BALLAST' INSTEAD OF WEIGHTS AND HEAVY KEELS": SITTING WELL OUT ON THE SIDE TO AVOID CAPSIZING.



"THE WATERS OF THE HARBOUR SWARM WITH BEAUTIFUL SAILING CRAFT AND YACHTS OF EVERY SIZE": RACING BOATS AT SYDNEY



EACH WITH THEIR REEL OF LIFE-LINE AND A LEADER IN A CORK JACKET: VOLUNTEER LIFE-SAVING SQUADS AT A SURF CARNIVAL.



SUMMER SPORTS AT CHRISTMAS: "DOWN UNDER": SURF-BATHING AT MANLY BEACH, NEAR SYDNEY.



CHRISTMAS PASTIMES OF THE ANTIPODES: BATHERS AT MANLY BEACH DISPORTING THEMSELVES IN THE WARM WATERS.



HIGH SUMMER AT CHRISTMAS "BY THE LONG WASH OF AUSTRALASIAN SEAS": A GENERAL VIEW OF THE BEACH AND BATHERS AT MANLY, NEAR SYDNEY.



BASKING IN THE SUN AT CHRISTMAS TIME: MANY BEACH SWARMING WITH HAPPY CROWDS, IN FLANNELS AND SUMMER FROCKS, WITH DECK CHAIRS AND PARASOLS.

While Europe is shivering in winter cold, and winter sports in snow and ice are in full swing in Holland and Switzerland, Australia is basking in hot sunshine and summer sports are booming. Sydney is the Mecca of summer sportsmen, her magnificent harbour and surf beaches providing the finest possible facilities for sailing, boating, and swimming. Every evening, and especially on every Saturday and Sunday, the waters of the harbour swarm with beautiful sailing craft and yachts of every size, from the tiny ten-footers to big ocean-going auxiliary powered yachts. The little yachts are notable for the enormous amount of canvas they carry in proportion to their size, and to their sailing with "live ballast" instead of weights and heavy keels. The little craft are crowded with men, who not only handle the sails with great expedition, but by sitting well out on the side when sailing on a beam wind keep the boat from overturning—sometimes. But skippers "carry on" to the last moment, and upsets are not at all rare in a stiff race. The ducking, however, is thought

nothing of, and the boat is soon righted again with her crew scrambling aboard. The swimming and surfing beaches scattered round the coast close to Sydney are easily accessible from the city, and are now swarming with happy crowds, who disport themselves in the warm waters for whole days, living in swimming suits, picnicking on the beach, and frolicking in and out the water all day. Surf-riding is popular, the swimmers making their way to the outer edge of the breakers, catching a big "ninth wave" and shooting in on its crest at the speed of an express train. The Life-Saving Clubs are a regular institution on all beaches. They are made up of volunteer expert swimmers who take turns to patrol the beach and wait ready to dash out at top speed carrying a lifeline to any bather in difficulties. A large double-page photograph of a number of these Australian Life-Saving Clubs at a carnival on Bondi Beach, Sydney, appeared in our issue of September 24.

THE CLIFF DWELLERS OF T'ZITZIKAMA.

By F. W. FITZSIMONS, F.Z.S., etc. (Director of the Port Elizabeth Museum).

It has been known for some years to those interested in anthropology in South Africa that there are what are termed "kitchen middens" at intervals along the greater portion of the sea-coast of South Africa. These kitchen middens are refuse-heaps of primitive man. They are in layers, from a foot to 20 feet and more in depth, and sometimes of considerable length and breadth. I have carefully examined all those in the neighbourhood of Port Elizabeth and in many other localities. One of them was 200 yards long, and varied in depth to 12 feet, with an average breadth of 40 yards. Sometimes they are in vast mounds. These refuse-heaps consist of various species of edible marine shellfish, mixed with ashes and bones of animals. When carefully sifted and examined, Palaeolithic stone implements, bone and ivory ornaments, pieces of pottery, and occasionally a human skeleton, are found. These primitive inhabitants of the seacoast have been loosely termed "Strandloppers," or beach-walkers. This name was probably given by the Dutch, after their occupation of the Cape, to refugee Hottentots and escaped slaves. The headquarters of this primitive people was the rugged, cliff-bound seacoast of T'zitzikama and Knysna, where they dispossessed the Chacma baboons of their rock shelters in the cliffs and made their homes in them.

I journeyed to T'zitzikama and spent a considerable time, with my son and a gang of men, exploring and systematically digging out the debris in these cliff dwellings. My quest was entirely successful, owing partly to the help rendered so willingly by Mr. C. J. Whitcher, of Coldstream. All the known rock dwellings from Coldstream to Groot River were explored. The distance between these two rivers is about twenty miles. The rock shelters are in the faces of the cliffs which overlook the sea. It was, in some instances, necessary to cut a way up to them from the rock-bound sea-shore, or down from the top of the cliff. The work involved much risk to life and limb, and was of a most strenuous nature, requiring great physical endurance. One large rock shelter, which was expected to yield rich results, had been dug out by a farmer, who utilised the contents as a fertiliser for his land, and many skeletons and implements of prehistoric man were, in consequence, lost to science. Amateur curio-hunters had also more or less spoiled some rock shelters.

I have secured specimens of everything which is obtainable in these cliff dwellings. These include a number of human skeletons, bone chisels, awls, beads, bouchers, scrapers, mullers, querns, grinders, pottery, etc. Careful measurements and drawings were made; fifty photographs and voluminous notes were taken.

That the cliff dwellers were in an exceedingly low stage of general culture and mental unfoldment was abundantly apparent. The staple diet was shellfish. Instead of removing the animal from the shell on the clean rocks of the shore, they

musically down the cliff near by. The residence was, consequently, an extremely desirable one, and such shelters are few and far between. Yet these people, apparently, had not the sense to cast their debris out. It required but little effort to throw or push the shells, bones, and ashes over the side of their rocky home, where it would be out of the way. On the contrary, when they made a fire, the ashes were not disturbed; rubbish was cast on the floor. Slowly the home was filled up, and the inmates crowded out.

When a cliff dweller died, a shallow hole was scraped in the debris, usually on the inner side of the shelter near the rocky base. The body was doubled up in as small a space as possible, with the knees drawn up to the chest. It was then laid in the hole on its side; a flat slab of stone was placed on the head, and another on the body. Sometimes there was a third on the pelvis. With but few exceptions, the faces of the dead were turned to the east. In this particular rock shelter I unearthed twenty-three skeletons of men, women, and children of varying ages. Some were in a good state of preservation. The deeper we dug, the more fragile were the remains, and eventually, at depths of from ten to twenty feet, we discovered the burial stones only, the bones having long since returned to dust. The cusps of the teeth of all the adult skeletons were worn off, exposing a flat surface of dentine edged with enamel.

The accumulation of shells, ashes and bones in this rock shelter were 30 feet deep from surface to bottom, 95 feet long, and 60 feet in breadth from base to front. The overflow had run down the cliff side almost to the beach, a distance of 100 yards. There must have been at least 100,000 tons of debris. Here and there at infrequent intervals in the midden of the rock shelter, we found chisels, awls, needles and ornaments of bone, roughly-chipped bouchers or celts, stone knives, scrapers, borers, perforated stones, mortars and pestles of stone, lumps of red ochre, and occasionally indistinct human figures on the flat gravestones. Near the neck bones of some of the skeletons we found artificially perforated sea shells, and others nicely fashioned from bone, as well as beads made from ostrich-egg shells. In front of the pelvis of the skeleton of a young woman, a semi-fossilised oblong piece of thick mother-of-pearl shell was discovered.

After very careful examination of a number of rock shelters, I am quite satisfied these primitive cliff dwellers buried their dead and simply went on living on top of the graves. This is contrary to the customs of other primitive peoples. The cliff dwellers may have done this to safeguard the bodies from jackals and hyenas, or from a superstitious belief that the spirits of the dead would still go on living, happy but unseen, with them.

Over the brow of the cliffs in the adjacent forest, considerable numbers of animal pitfalls were discovered. One, on being cleared out, disclosed the remains of a buffalo. Near a drinking pool at Groot River, an elaborate series of these pitfalls had been made at intervals of about 12 feet. The labour employed to dig these out with pointed sticks and roughly chipped stones must have been considerable. In the middens of the rock shelters I found



quite decomposed, with exception of thick shells. Grave-stones found as before, but no skeletons, which have mouldered away to dust, except occasional traces, such as enamel of teeth. (7) Layer of bat guano. (8) Overflow of rubbish from rock shelter for 100 yards down cliff side to beach.—[After a Diagram by F. W. FitzSimons, F.Z.S.]

laboriously carried the load of molluscs, entire, up a more or less perilous path to their homes in the cliffs. Here they removed the contents of the shells, and simply cast the latter down on the floor of their rocky home. While the women and children gathered molluscs, octopi, and other products of the ocean, and hunted for wild fruits, berries, edible bulbs, and roots, the men were out hunting and trapping animals in the forests, or ranged further afield in quest of the animals of the veldt. The men, too, brought the animals they killed to their home in the face of the cliff, and this also entailed a climb down a more or less perpendicular pathway—perilous to me, but not to those sure-footed and agile rock-climbing cliff dwellers.

I found a huge rock shelter a third of the way up the cliff from the seashore in Plettenberg's Bay. It had been rendered uninhabitable by the vast accumulation of ashes and shells, bones, and other debris of the cliff dwellers. It was beautifully sheltered from the prevailing winds and rains, and a mountain stream of crystal-clear water gushed

It is 2 inches long, 1½ inches broad, and has a hole drilled through the upper part near the edge. It was, no doubt, suspended from a cord round the waist, and took the place of a skirt, in like manner to the small square of beads worn by Zulu girls, or the fig-leaf of Eve.

This rock shelter was typical of numbers of others which we dug out. At a depth of 8 feet, my son discovered a small reed musical instrument in the skeleton hand of a cliff dweller; and between the collar bones of another skeleton he found a short fire-stick, 3½ inches long. Near one end was a round charred hole in which the other portion of the fire-stick was rotated. The opposite end was carefully notched, and it was evident the dead man had carried this precious fire-stick strung round his neck. By these finds, and some rock paintings, we now know the cliff dwellers had some glimmerings of art and music, and we know how they produced fire.



SHOWING THE VARIOUS DEPOSITS (NUMBERED ACCORDING TO DESCRIPTION BELOW): A SOUTH AFRICAN ROCK-SHELTER OF THE CLIFF DWELLERS OF T'ZITZIKAMA IN SECTIONAL DIAGRAM.

The deposits were 30 feet deep and 60 feet across at the base. The numbers indicate:

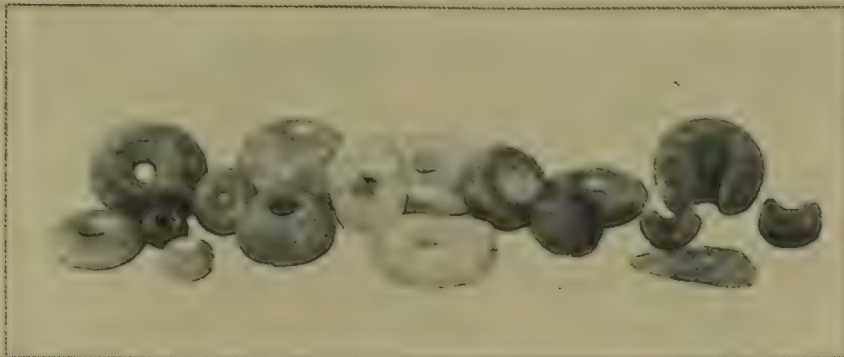
- (1) Living and decomposed vegetation, with bones of animals which have occupied the shelter subsequent to the cliff dwellers; (2) Pure wood ash, with a few odd shells, bones, broken pottery and implements; (3) Ashes, shellfish, broken pottery, implements, rounded pebbles and flat stones; (4) Ashes, shellfish, animal bones and human skeletons. (5) Crumbly human skeletons, animal bones, shellfish, ashes. At this depth the material becomes increasingly blackish, and organic matter more and more decomposed. (6) Organic matter

the bones of every species of animal known to occur and to have occurred in T'zitzikama and Knysna, including even the hippopotamus and elephant. The wild pig, bush buck, blue duiker, and buffalo predominated. Bones of fish were plentiful.

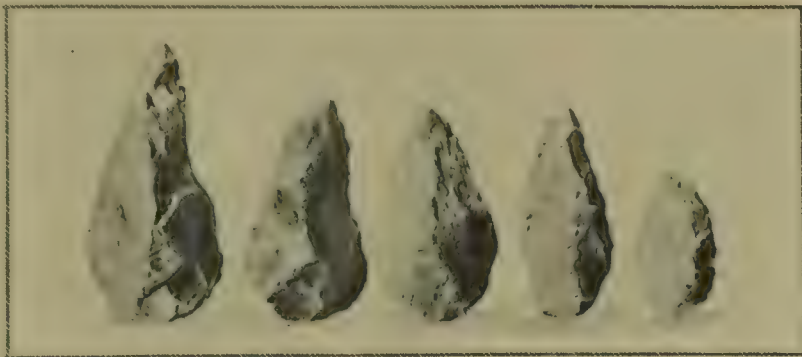
I have not yet had time to examine the skeletons carefully, but an adult male which I have mounted is 5 ft. 4½ in. in height, with a thigh measuring 15 inches. On measuring the thigh bones of seventeen others, I find they vary from 15 to 16½ inches in length. The Pygmy Bushmen who inhabited the rock shelters of the inland parts of South Africa averaged 4 ft. 8 in. in total height. The skeletons of the cliff dwellers with thigh bones 16½ inches long, when accurately mounted, will probably be about 5 ft. 6 in. in height. It seems apparent to me that the cliff dwellers of T'zitzikama were what may be termed second cousins to the Hottentots, and first cousins to the Pygmy Bushmen of South Africa. I believe them to be distinct from either.

SOUTH AFRICA'S EARLIEST RACE?—CLIFF DWELLERS 12,000 YEARS AGO.

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FOUND NEAR THE NECK-BONES OF CLIFF DWELLERS' SKELETONS: PERFORATED RING-STONES, WITH A STONE TOOL USED FOR BORING THEM (ON THE RIGHT).



TYPICAL PALÆOLITHIC IMPLEMENTS USED BY THE CLIFF DWELLERS OF T'ZITZIKAMA: BOUCHERS (OR CELTS) FOUND IN THE ROCK SHELTERS.



SHOWING THE POSITION OF A SHELTER MARKED BY AN OVERHANGING ROCK (X): THE T'ZITZIKAMA CLIFFS.



STUNTED "COUSINS" OF ANCIENT CLIFF DWELLERS: PYGMY BUSHMEN, WITH MR. FITZSIMONS (WHO IS 5 FT. 9 IN.)



WHERE 15 SKELETONS WERE FOUND: THE BASE OF A CLIFF ROCK SHELTER EXCAVATED TO A DEPTH OF 18 FT.



IN A DOUBLED-UP ATTITUDE, WITH GRAVE-STONES OVERLYING IT, AND A BONE CHISEL (RIGHT): A SKELETON *IN SITU* IN A CLIFF DWELLING.



WITH THE GRAVE-STONES IN POSITION ON THE SKULL AND BODY: A SKELETON OF A CLIFF DWELLER, AS FOUND 6 FT. DOWN IN A MIDDEN.

Remains of a South African race of Palæolithic cliff dwellers, believed to have lived over 12,000 years ago, have been found in rock shelters on the coast of Cape Colony, in the T'zitzikama district. The discoveries were made by Mr. F. W. FitzSimons, F.Z.S., Director of the Port Elizabeth Museum and author of "The Natural History of South Africa." He describes them in a remarkably interesting article on the opposite page, and further photographs follow. One of those given above shows him with two 'aged Pygmy Bushmen of to-day.

He says: "The Pygmy Bushmen who inhabited the rock shelters of the inland parts of South Africa averaged 4 ft. 8 in. in total height. The skeletons of the cliff dwellers with thigh-bones 16½ in. long, when accurately mounted, will probably be about 5 ft. 6 in. in height. It seems apparent to me that the cliff dwellers of T'zitzikama were what may be termed second cousins to the Hottentots, and first cousins to the Pygmy Bushmen of South Africa. I believe them to be distinct from either."

OLDER THAN THE BROKEN HILL SKULL? CAPE "STRANDLOOPERS."

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WHERE THE CLIFF-DWELLERS OUSTED BABOONS FROM ROCK-SHELTERS: PART OF "THE RUGGED, CLIFF-BOUND COAST OF T'ZITZIKAMA."



REMOVING A SKELETON: MR. FITZSIMONS AT WORK IN A CLIFF-DWELLING—SHOWING THE GRAVE-STONES THAT COVERED THE REMAINS.



SHOWING A LARGE SHELL (EXTREME RIGHT) ON THE SKULL, OF THE KIND, USUALLY FOUND WITH THE SKELETONS, EVIDENTLY USED AS A SPADE TO DIG THE GRAVE: A SKELETON OF A CLIFF DWELLER, WITH THE GRAVE-STONES REMOVED.



WITH A BONE CHISEL (RIGHT FOREGROUND) LYING WHERE THE BONES OF THE RIGHT HAND WERE EMBEDDED: A SKELETON *IN SITU*.



USED BY CLIFF DWELLERS TO PULVERISE RED OCHRE FOR SMEARING THEIR BODIES: (1) A STONE MORTAR; (2) AND (3) GRINDING-STONES.

The South African cliff dwellers, the discovery of whose remains is described by Mr. FitzSimons in his article on a previous page, are believed to belong to an even earlier period than the famous Broken Hill Skull recently found in a mine of Northern Rhodesia (as illustrated in our issue of November 19). "These primitive inhabitants of the sea-coast," writes Mr. FitzSimons, "have been loosely termed 'Strandloopers,' or beach-walkers. . . . The headquarters of this primitive people was the rugged, cliff-bound sea-coast of T'zitzikama and Knysna

(in Cape Colony), where they dispossessed the Chacma baboons of their rock shelters in the cliffs and made their homes in them. . . . The rock shelters are in the faces of the cliffs which overlook the sea. It was, in some instances, necessary to cut a way up to them from the rock-bound sea-shore, or down from the top of the cliff. The work involved much risk to life and limb, and was of a most strenuous nature, requiring great physical endurance. I have secured specimens of everything obtainable in these cliff dwellings."

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

THE forthcoming marriage of Lady Annabel O'Neill to Major J. H. H. Dodds, C.M.G., interests a large number of people with whom Lady Annabel, the Marquess of Crewe's eldest daughter, is a great favourite. Her first husband, Captain the Hon. Arthur O'Neill, 2nd Life Guards, was killed in action in 1914. He left four sons and two daughters, and the eldest son, heir to the Barony, is in his fifteenth year. The family of O'Neill is one with an ancestry traced back to the early Kings of Ireland. The late Captain Arthur O'Neill was a clever man and a good soldier. Lady Annabel's two sisters are twins, Lady Cynthia Colville and Lady Celia Coates. Her only brother died when he was eight years old. His father was in South Africa when he was taken ill, and although he started directly he had a cable, he did not get home in time to see his boy alive. The young Earl of Madeley and Lady Mary Crewe-Milnes are Lady Annabel's step-brother and sister. On her mother's side she is a niece of the Duchess of Montrose, the Countess of Verulam, and of Lady Cynthia Graham. The wedding will, I believe, be early in the new year, and a quiet one.

The heir to Lord Inchiquin, who was married last week to Lord and Lady Chelmsford's second daughter, is of another family which has an ancestry traced back to Irish Kings of Thomond, who became supreme Kings of Ireland on conquering the Danes at Clontarf, and the O'Briens are now entitled to use royal scarlet as their livery. The Barony dates from 1543, which is a very respectable age for a peerage. The family motto in Gaelic, which is "The Strong Hand Uppermost," in English would seem rather at a discount just now, for the O'Briens are confirmed Unionists. The bride's sister is married to a first cousin of Lord Lascelles, Captain Alan F. Lascelles, only surviving son of the Earl of Harewood's brother.

House-breaking burglars who are so prevalent are by no means the worst birds of prey that beset the paths of the trusting. The burglar may get away with a few hundreds of pounds' worth of silver, but the gentlemanly or lady-like crook makes a haul of thousands of pounds' worth of jewels. There are many of them active just now, and one hears many a case of small thieving such as gold and jewelled cigarette cases, even notes taken from pockets,

administered in coffee after lunch or dinner, sometimes in sweets, sometimes in a cocktail. The drug stupefies the victim long enough for money or valuables to be abstracted, and later he or she remembers nothing at all about it. Some of these crooks are well born and well bred; so caution is the policy to act on, eyes and ears wide open, ladies and gentlemen, please!



A LACE-ENSWATHED HAT.

THE SPANISH INFLUENCE; AND STUDIED SIMPLICITY: A TRIO OF THE LATEST HATS.

The Spanish touch in dress being still all the rage, Condor has devised a hat which is strongly reminiscent of the mantilla. This is seen in the first of our photographs. The second hat, which comes from the same house, is elegant simplicity personified, having a plume at the back as the only trimming. The third Condor hat is of fluted silk, with two side ornaments which go contrariwise. All three are worn by Trini, of "The Fun of the Fayre."—[Photographs by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]

The Queen of Norway has a remarkably neat and smart figure. Although her clothes are never at all in extreme of fashion, they always suit her, and the effect is quite delightful. I saw her Majesty one day last week at Lady Llangattock's house. With her was Princess Victoria, who also possesses a very elegant figure. I believe in King Edward's family it is known as the Danish royal family figure, and is greatly cherished. It certainly has a rare distinction, and is good to look at. Dressed in black velvet with skunk furs, and wearing a becoming black velvet toque trimmed with skunk, Queen Maud was the neatest and daintiest little lady one could wish to see. In her girlhood she was known as "Harrie" in the family circle, and was the life of it. Her turn for fun and brightness has been inherited by her son, Prince Olaf. King Haakon and the Crown Prince will make but a short stay over here, as the Norwegians do not like them to be long out of the country. Queen Alexandra is very devoted to her Norwegian grandson, and makes a point of his paying her a yearly visit.

It was a gloomy day for the Opening of Parliament, but the State show was a fine one. The inevitable crowd was all along the royal route. Where I was in Parliament Street, it was a strangely quiet one. I believe the Cenotaph unconsciously induces quiet and quells excite-

ment. There was not a great assemblage of Peeresses, and all were in either black or white, grey, or dark colour; the show of jewels was fine. This is one of the occasions which calls for a display of them. The Queen looked magnificent,

as her Majesty always does when in State attire. A dress of gold cloth worked in gold in a fine design was worn, and a superb parure of emeralds and diamonds; a number of diamond chains seemed to fall from the bodice to the top of the skirt, and the Queen's high crown-shaped tiara was tipped with emeralds. Were they a compliment to Ireland? Princess Mary wore a diamond tiara, the first time that I have seen one on that trim, well-poised head. The dress she wore was of ivory white brocade, and she wore orders on the left side of her bodice, a diamond necklet and other diamond corsage ornaments. It would be the conventional thing to write that she looked very happy. It is the truth that she looked very shy: it was her first appearance at such a function, and her first State public appearance as a bride-to-be. The Dowager Countess of Airlie, Acting Mistress of the Robes, was in cloth of silver, and was a distinguished figure with her slight erect form and beautiful, picturesquely arranged silver white hair, in which was a tiara, while other fine diamond ornaments were worn. Baroness Moncheur and Madame de Martino, wives of the Belgian and Italian Ambassadors, were in black. Both are handsome, tall, distinguished-looking ladies, and they wore many diamonds, each having a deep band of these precious stones round their necks. They did not wear tiaras—these seem to be almost essentially British ornaments. On British women who know how to wear them they are imposing and effective, but are not for every day or every night wear. The State opening is now of the past. It did not, either in effect or in spirit, reach anywhere near the level of the first full State and full-dress uniform opening after the war, despite the papers' enthusiasm over it. It was all too sudden and unexpected, the thing it was to accomplish all too vague and uncertain, to cause steady-brained Britons to excite themselves unduly. A man who was in the thickest of the crowd at Buckingham Palace said that undoubtedly Princess Mary was the heroine of the day for the people round him.

The Queen's visit with Princess Mary to Harewood Hall was not the first that her Majesty had paid to that fine Yorkshire mansion. Princess Mary, I believe, saw the home of her fiancé's parents for the first time. It is a fine house, with many beautiful paintings in it.



WITH A PLUME AT THE BACK AS THE ONLY TRIMMING.

that never come into court because the victims are too ashamed of their own carelessness in making acquaintances and men friends too easily. The drug-giving tactics of these smart crooks are very much on the increase. Sometimes it is



OF FLUTED SILK WITH CONTRARIWISE ORNAMENTS.

I have excellent authority for saying that the statements appearing day by day about the clothes and arrangements for Princess Mary's wedding are purely imaginary. No authentic information has yet been given. A. E. L.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE SAD CASE OF THE TURKEY.

HOW many of us think of Christmas without also thinking of turkeys and plum-puddings? Indeed, for just on four hundred years this wonderful bird has dominated our Christmas dinner-tables. If only on this account, now that we are all putting an edge to our appetites by contemplating what is in store for us, it may seem, to say the least, inopportune to breathe even a suspicion of a suggestion that our precious bird is not what it was, and is, indeed, growing steadily worse, in one most important particular—the size of its breast!

We may safely assert that four hundred Christmases ago it was possible to cut a more generous slice of that delicious white meat than can be done on any dinner-table to-day. And the time will come when only the thigh and the "drum-stick" will be left, unless there be any who can derive pleasure from picking the bones of the neck.

However, let us not mar our feast by contemplating the "skeleton in the cupboard." The pessimist always exaggerates. When he is asked to say by how much the poor turkey of to-day has failed us, he would have to admit that the decrease in the volume of this delectable meat is only to be measured by a very delicate pair of scales indeed, and would amount to no more than a fraction of an ounce. And he would further have to admit that it will take many thousands of years before that dread day arrives when the breast-meat of a turkey shall have become a mere tradition. Let us be merry! The irascible, strutting "Gobbler" will last our time.

But is there really any evidence that this process of degeneration is taking place? Directly, no. But by inference, certainly. The breast-muscles of a bird weigh more than all the other muscles of the body put together. And this because they have more work to do than the rest, since they have to furnish the motive power of flight. Hence they are always largest, in proportion to the total weight of the body, where long-sustained flight is essential. And they

show a steady diminution as the power of flight decreases. This much will be apparent to all who compare the breast-muscles of a pheasant or grouse with those of a fowl. And if the search for comparisons be extended, it will be found that there are some birds which have almost, and some which have quite, lost the power of flight. The ostrich tribe and the owl parrot of New Zealand afford cases in point.

With these birds, be it noted, the dwindling of the breast-muscles is associated with a striking degenera-

no less. In the three last-named birds the bones of the hand have almost completely vanished. The wing, indeed, in this matter of degeneration seems to have behaved like the smile of the Cheshire cat. For in the long-extinct diving bird, *Hesperornis*, only the upper end of the upper arm-bone was left; while in the extinct *dinornis*, or *Moa*, even this disappeared; and there are some species in which not only the wing, but also the shoulder-girdle, which afforded it support, was lost. The turkey will inevitably suffer the same fate—in a few hundred thousand years or so.

What is true of our turkeys is true also of our fowls, ducks, and geese. For these birds now never fly, and their wings—and the muscles which drive them—suffer accordingly.

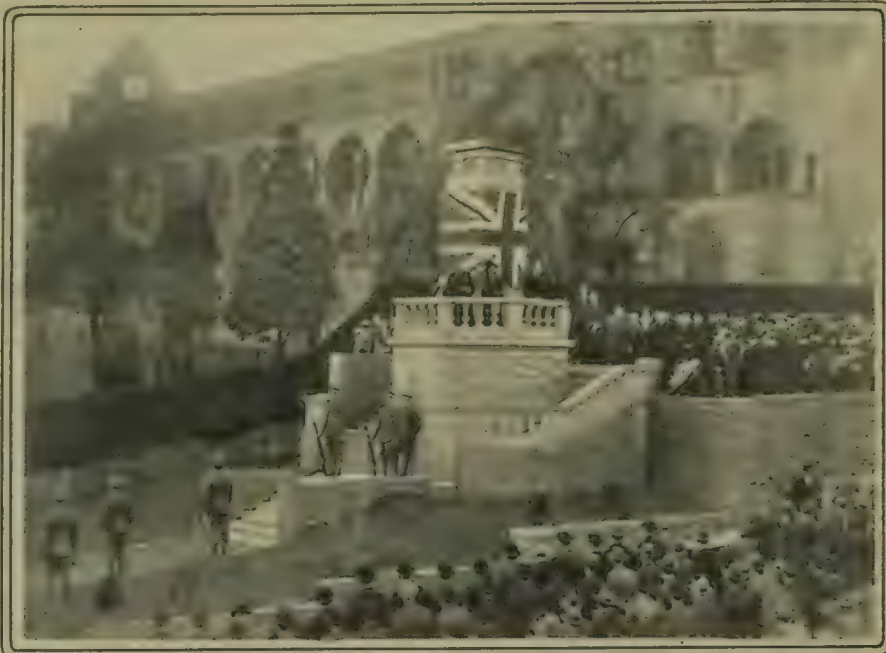
If these birds could be made to fly, all might yet be well. The poultry-farmer, in the immediate future, will have to include an aeroplane in his stock-in-trade. His birds will have to be taken up, and dropped out from gradually increasing heights. Poor performers will be promptly sent to market. The best fliers will be kept for breeding-stock, for they will be the birds with the largest breast-muscles.

Our domesticated table-birds, indeed, afford us most interesting object-lessons in the effects of "use and disuse"—phenomena which have given and still give rise to heated discussions among learned men. The aspect which strikes one most forcibly is the infinite slowness of the process of degeneration.

Among our wild birds we have many noteworthy illustrations of the incipient stages of flightlessness.

Compare, for example, the long, pointed wings of the swift or the swallow with the short, rounded wings of the wren. The two first named have to perform long and perilous migrations; the last never leaves home.

If, then, we would preserve our turkey, we must devise some means of compelling him to use his wings.
W. P. PYCRAFT.



UNVEILED BY LADY STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL: THE JEDBURGH WAR MEMORIAL, IN FRONT OF THE HISTORIC ABBEY—THE CEREMONY IN PROGRESS.

Lady Stratheden and Campbell, who unveiled the Jedburgh War Memorial, lost both her husband and her eldest son in the war. At the unveiling an address was given by the Right Hon. Robert Munro, Secretary for Scotland.—[Photograph by Robert Jack.]

tion of the skeletal parts appertaining to flight. The keel of the breast-bone, to which the breast-muscles are attached, has vanished; and the wings, in like manner, have decreased. The quill-feathers of the wings, which are essential to flight, have become mere loose plumes. In some of the ostrich tribe, like the emu, the cassowary, and the apteryx, they cannot be distinguished, save by an expert, from the rest of the body-plumage. The skeleton of the wing has suffered

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THE AUTOCAR, Nov. 5th, 1921.

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"DAILY EXPRESS," Nov. 10th, 1921.

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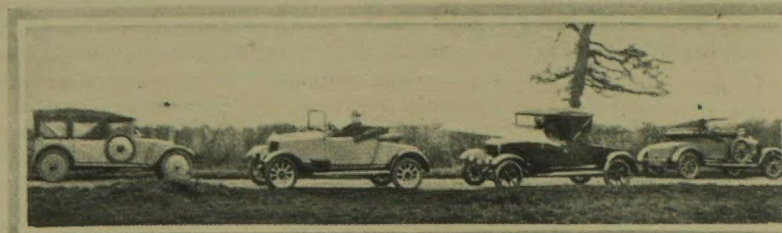
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The R.A.C. and Taxation.

The R.A.C. recently made representations to the Ministry of Transport with regard to the manner in which the present system of levying the motor-car license duty affects persons purchasing a car at any time during the year other than at or near a quarter-day. No allowance was made in the regulations for the period covered by the tax to date from any other than the four quarter-days, with the result that a person buying or taking into use a car at any time between the quarter-days was liable to pay the full tax from the previous quarter-day. The difficulty has, as I recorded at the time, been partially

the tax reduced, in spite of the fact that it has proved much more remunerative to the Exchequer than anticipated. Such a tax as this, once levied, is one of the most difficult things in the world to get removed, or even reduced. Apart from this aspect of the matter, however, it is most certainly a flagrant injustice that the car-owner whose engine is rated at, let us say, 12·1-h.p. should be called upon to pay the tax on a full 13-h.p. There is no extra work thrown on the licensing authority by the adjustment of the tax to tenths of horse-power. The owner of such a car as I have noted would pay £12 2s. instead of £13 as now, while each additional tenth of a horse-power would in all cases carry an addition of two shillings to the tax. It is all perfectly simple, and ought to be conceded. I rather think the Club will secure the concession for us.

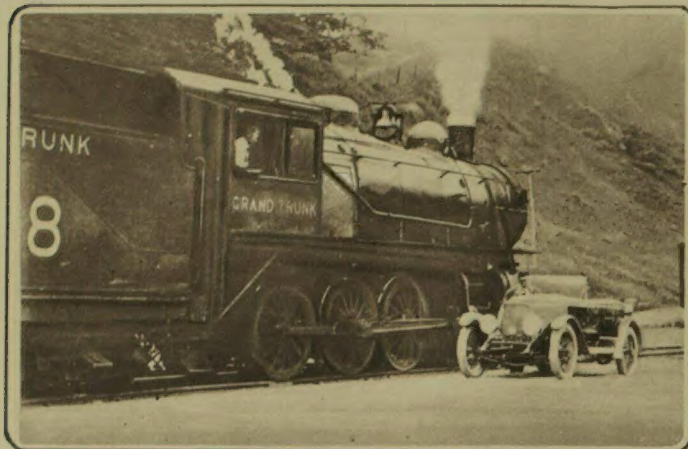
Numbering the Roads.

At the end of last year one heard a lot about the good work that was to be done by the Ministry of Transport in connection with the classification and numbering of the main roads of the country. This was one of the solaces we were to be given in consideration of the enormously increased taxation we were then called upon to pay. From the amount of talk there was, everybody assumed that the Ministry intended to adopt something like the numbering system employed in the case of the French *Routes*

Nationales. Until quite recently nobody seems to have come across any indication of activity in this direction, but now a writer in the *Light Car and Cyclecar* says that the good work is actually in progress. A campaign of cleaning the sign-posts and painting the new indicating letters and numbers on them has been started in the Midlands. Unfortunately, he tells us that the numbers are being painted very small, on any odd corner of the directing hand where there is room, and, like the place-names, they are far too small.

This is eloquent of the methods of the Ministry where the roads are concerned. This department formulated all sorts of grandiose plans for sign-

posting the roads, and these had the effect of causing the sign-erecting activities of the R.A.C. and the A.A. to be suspended. It was much better, argued these bodies, that sign-posting should be on a definite and uniform plan. Moreover, it is the business of the authorities and not of private enterprise, though the latter had had to step in to fill the hiatus caused by the dereliction of authority. Wonderful designs of the new universal sign-post were prepared and appeared in the newspapers. Now we find that the Ministry is simply



"DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE": A GRAND TRUNK ENGINE AND A 30-98-H.P. VAUXHALL IN CANADA.

met by the issue of a new Order by the Ministry of Transport providing for payment of a percentage of the duty to the end of the quarter or year decreasing on a sliding scale as the period progresses. The increase of twenty per cent. over the annual statutory rate levied upon those who elect to take out quarterly licenses is still, however, perpetuated, though this is being made the subject of a protest by the Motor Legislation Committee.

The R.A.C. is further pressing the Government keenly for a reduction in the rate of tax per horse-power for private motor-cars, and for an adjustment of the scale to allow for payment of the proportionate duty for every tenth of horse-power rating. This last is a reform which is urgently needed. I do not for a moment suppose that the club will succeed in getting



FINED BY A GENDARME BESIDE THE LAKE OF GENEVA: AN AMUSING INCIDENT DURING THE R.A.C. TRIAL OF THE 40-50-H.P. NAPIER.

On the return journey, along the northern shores of Lake Geneva, the car was stopped for exceeding the speed limit, and the gendarme demanded a fine of ten francs on the spot, for which the driver was given a receipt. The photograph shows the driver handing over the money, though he does not seem to be regarding his heinous offence in a very serious light.

painting little numbers on the existing posts, a form of indication which is likely to be of small use to anybody. W. W.

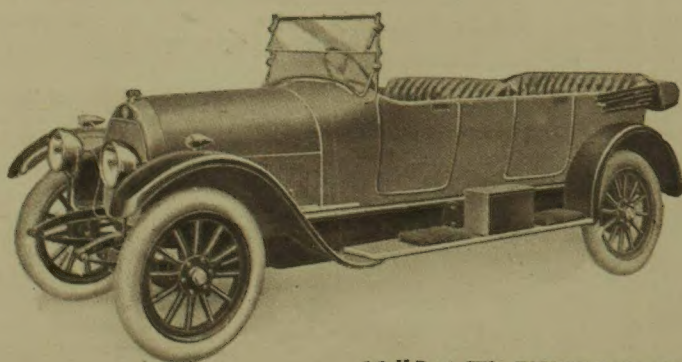
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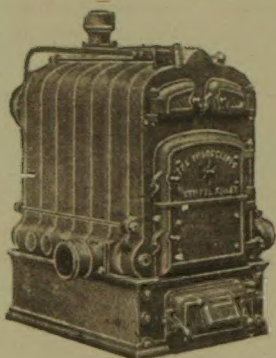
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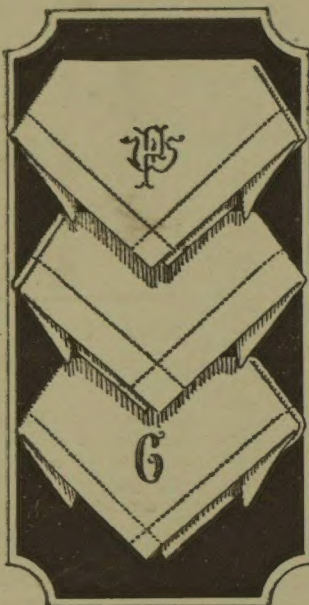
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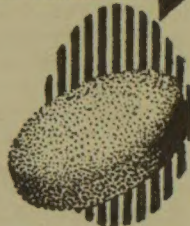
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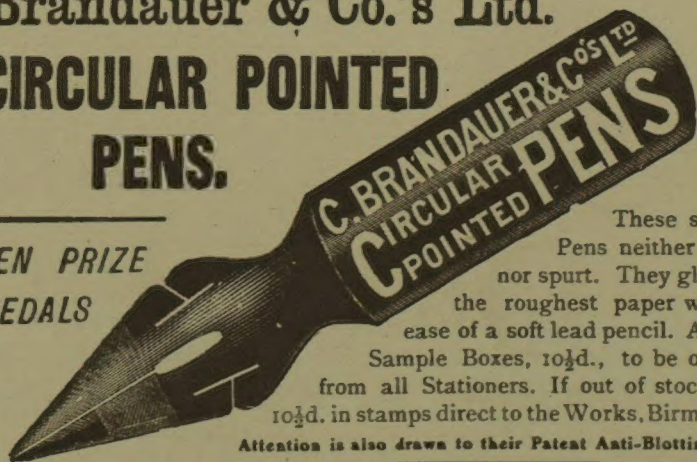
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER." AT THE COURT.

THERE are too few revivals of "She Stoops to Conquer," and when it is revived its scenes of breezy humour are too often interlarded with business of a clowning sort, so that the audience goes away with the impression that what Goldsmith called a comedy is really a farce in an old-fashioned setting. Add to this that the modern playgoer is apt to think the central idea of the play fantastic, whereas the mistaking of a rustic squire's house for an inn was so little unnatural in the eighteenth century that it had actually happened to Goldsmith himself, and it is easy to see why "She Stoops" has more prejudice to fight against in twentieth-century minds than the contemporary classic we owe to Sheridan. It is easier to idealise a Lady Teazle than a Tony Lumpkin or a Mrs. Hardcastle. Country manners have changed more in a hundred and fifty years than those of the town, and "She Stoops," in marked contrast with "The School for Scandal," is a comedy of country manners. But just because Goldsmith's characters are so full-blooded and of their age, it is not too easy to secure the right interpreters for them, and Mr. Fagan has had to rely on a cast which by no means at all points does justice to the author's robust portraiture. The best work, apart from Mr. Miles Malleon's Diggory, comes from Miss Margaret Yarde as Mrs. Hardcastle, though she inclines now and then to merely farcical boisterousness and forgets that she is not acting in a modern play. Mr. Nicholson's Squire is modelled on too sharp and thin lines—we miss in him the suggestion of John Bullish rotundity a William Farren used to convey and the part sorely needs. Mr. Alfred Clark is an admirable comedian, but he is much too mature in age and too heavy in build to carry out young Tony's pranks convincingly. As for Miss Ena Grossmith, she will make a good Kate some day, but at present she has not learnt repose and ease, lacks the style for old comedy, and plays Miss Hardcastle as though she were a comic-opera coquette. Mr. Dale's Young Marlow is too affected, and even Miss Beldon's Miss Neville is marred by the actress's lisp. Still, though many holes can be picked in the performance, it is well worth a visit.

"BLOOD AND SAND." AT THE NEW.

The Spanish bull-fighter whom Mr. Matheson Lang and his American adapter of "Blood and Sand" show us at the New Theatre does not meet with the fate of the hero in Ibanez's novel. He has to be content with something more showily picturesque, and yet it is a wonderfully varied and cleverly detailed study of El Gallardo he offers, despite such limitations. This toreador, with his explosions of irritability, his airs of dandyism, his moods of superstition and vengeance, his lapses into amiability and parental solicitude, his suggestions of vulgarity and childish vanity, makes a composite figure in which there is almost as much colour as in the Spanish background, on which Mr. Lang and his artistic advisers have lavished so much pains to such telling effect. The story itself, especially as it has been modified, is mere melodrama, the biggest scene of which is the old, old episode of the man of strength, the Samson *de nos jours*, surrendering to the overtures of a Delilah. This Delilah, as impersonated by Miss Lillah McCarthy, wears the most seductive gowns, and throws herself at the toreador with an erotic fervour which, met as it is with responsive passion by Mr. Matheson Lang's Gallardo, may be said to be the last word in stage naturalism. There are all the elements of a popular success in "Blood and Sand."

"CLOTHES AND THE WOMAN." AT THE AMBASSADORS.

One of the conventions which too many of our playwrights hug is this—that any woman, however dowdyish in disposition, can, when she thinks it worth while, bring herself to wear, and wear effectively, a smart frock, such as makes her in men's eyes quite irresistible. The idea is ludicrous, for the woman with style will show style even in rags, while the dowdy will betray herself even in a creation of Worth's. George Paston, however, used the idea as the basis of a comedy in "Clothes and the Woman," and Miss Iris Hoey, or her manager, has thought the old play worth reviving for certain theatrical opportunities it affords. Miss Hoey attests her versatility, there are quite a number of witty lines in the comedy, and the revival served as occasion for the debut of Miss Ursula Millard, an attractive young actress who gives signs of having inherited her mother's talents.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

E G B BARLOW (Bournemouth).—You must have made some mistake in your diagram, so you had better send us another. Apparently some pieces have been misplaced, and the variations you give do not work.

HYMAN WALKOWITZ (New York).—Your problem is pretty, but too simple for modern taste.

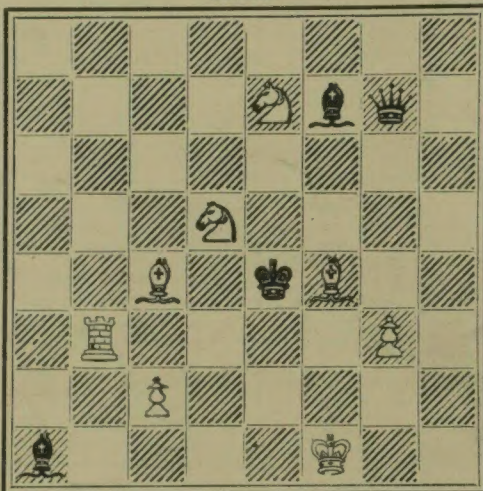
J DONEY (Winnipeg).—In your problem if Black play 1. B takes P at Kt 2nd, there is no mate.

H F MARKER (Porbandar, India).—In the case of two-movers the key move is sufficient; but if the solver chooses to give the variations it is evidence of his complete mastery of the problem. In three-movers this is almost essential.

J PAUL TAYLOR (Exeter).—In every way up to the mark, and worthy of your most productive days.

PROBLEM No. 3872.—By C. S. KIPPING.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3870.—By G. STILLINGFLEET JOHNSON.

WHITE
1. B to K 6th
2. Q to B sq (ch)
3. B to R 3rd mate.

If Black play, 1. B takes B (ch), 2. K takes B, etc.; and if 1. P takes R P, 2. Q takes P (ch), etc.; and if 1. P to Q 4th, then 2. R takes B (ch), etc.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 3866 and 3867 received from H F Marker (Porbandar, India); of No. 3868 from J B Camara (Madeira) and Henry A Seller (Denver); of No. 3869 from Jas T Palmer (Church), Cecil Pearce (Wotton under Edge), W Strangman Hill (Palmerston), J B Camara, John Hutton (Whitburn), M McIntyre (Camberwell), John H Robison (Walsall), W J Stubbins (Upper Warrington), L W Caferata (Farndon), and Arthur C McVittie (Hythe).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3870 received from H W Satow (Bangor), A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), C H Watson (Masham), L W Caferata, J C Stackhouse (Torquay), M de Winton (Gloucester), W J Adams (Snitterfield), E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), H Grasett Baldwin (Farnham), S G Burnett (Grimsby), H Burgess (St Leonards on Sea), J J Duckworth (Newton le Willows), and Albert Taylor (Sheffield).

A BUNCH OF BREVITIES.

Game played in the Major Open Tournament of the British Chess Federation.

(Queen's Gambit Accepted.)

WHITE (Mr H G Rhodes)	BLACK (Mr C B Heath)	WHITE (Mr H G Rhodes)	BLACK (Mr C B Heath)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	13. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to Q 2nd
2. P to Q 4th	P takes P	14. P to Q 5th	P takes P
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q Kt 4th	15. Kt to Q 4th	Kt (Q 2) to Kt sq
4. P to K 3rd	P to Q B 3rd	16. Kt takes Kt	Kt takes Kt
5. P to Q R 4th	Q to Kt 3rd	17. R takes P (ch)	Kt takes R
6. P takes P	P takes P	18. Q takes P (ch)	B to K 3rd
7. Kt to K 5th	P to K 3rd		
8. Kt tks K B P	K takes Kt		
9. Q to B 3 (ch)	Kt to B 3rd		
10. Q takes R	B to K 5th (ch)		
11. B to Q 2nd	B takes B (ch)		
12. Kt takes B	Kt to B 3rd		

White resigns.

White's 8th move was quite unsound, and involved his Queen in a fatal entanglement from which no escape is apparent.

Game played in the Masters' Tournament at Berlin between Mr. J. Mieses and Dr. TARRASCH.

(Sicilian Defence.)

WHITE (Mr M.)	BLACK (Dr. T.)	WHITE (Mr M.)	BLACK (Dr. T.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q B 4th	11. B to R 3rd	Castles
2. P to Q 4th	P takes P	12. B takes B	P takes B
3. Q takes P	Kt to Q B 3rd	13. K to B sq	B to B 4th
4. Q to K 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	14. Kt to R 3rd	Kt to K 6th (ch)
5. P to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd		
6. P to Kt 3rd	B to K 2nd		
7. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to Q 4th		
8. B P takes P	P takes P		
9. P takes P	Kt takes P		
10. Q to Q 2nd	B to K 3rd		

White resigns.

White lost time by faulty development, and completed his mistake by his 11th move, which left him helpless.

Game played at Freiburg in the Masters' Tournament between Messrs. ALECHIN and BOGOLUBOFF.

(Queen's Pawn Opening.)

WHITE (Mr A.)	BLACK (Mr B.)	WHITE (Mr A.)	BLACK (Mr B.)
1. P to Q 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	13. B to Kt 5th	Kt to Q 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K 3rd	14. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt
3. P to B 4th	P to Q Kt 3rd	15. R takes P	Kt to Kt 5th
4. P to K Kt 3rd	B to Kt 2nd	16. B to K 4th	P to B 4th
5. B to Kt 2nd	P to B 4th	17. B takes P	R takes B
6. P takes P	B takes P	18. R to Q 8th (ch)	
7. Castles	Castles		
8. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q 4th		
9. Kt to Q 4th	B takes Kt		
10. Q takes B	Kt to B 3rd		
11. Q to R 4th	P takes P		
12. R to Q sq	Q to B sq		

Black resigns.

White had perhaps a little better position in the opening, but the combination beginning with his 14th move was as unexpected as it was brilliant.

One of this season's finest examples of the combination of beauty and utility in Christmas presents would be an "Onoto" pen, partially or completely covered in gold or silver, in its silk-lined case, arriving already filled with ink ready to write with. The new range of plain and mounted "Onoto" pens made on the Streamline model comprises some of the finest examples of the pen-maker's art.

Help is most urgently needed by the Church Army, whose motto in the relief of distress is "Aid by Work." The splendid services rendered by the Church Army to the destitute, the unemployed, and the unfortunate have been commended by the Prime Minister from his own personal observation. At this season especially that work deserves generous support, and we feel sure that many of our readers will be glad to give assistance. It is impossible here to enumerate all the beneficent activities of the "C.A.," but all information may be obtained from Prebendary Carlile, D.D., Hon. Chief Sec. (Church Army Headquarters, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, London, W.1), to whom also donations may be sent.

Now that all the world is discussing the scheme of naval disarmament brought forward at the Washington Conference, the value of a book like "Brassey's Naval and Shipping Annual, 1921-2," edited by Alexander Richardson and Archibald Hurd (Clowes, 25s. net), becomes enormously enhanced. All sorts of people, who have hitherto not been greatly concerned with naval matters, will find it necessary to possess information, and look up facts, about the fleets of the chief naval Powers. They will find all they want to know in the new edition of "Brassey," besides a great deal more that has probably never entered into their philosophy. The new volume contains a larger number of articles than its predecessor, while the appendices, illustrations, tables, and diagrams have also been increased.

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